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THE RUINS OF GOLDSMITH'S OLD HOMESTEAD AT LISSOY.

"Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall."

GOLDSMITH'S  
THE DESERTED VILLAGE  
AND OTHER POEMS

TOGETHER WITH SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER  
AND THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

ROBERT N. WHITEFORD, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERA-  
TURE, THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL  
COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art . . .  
*—The Deserted Village.*

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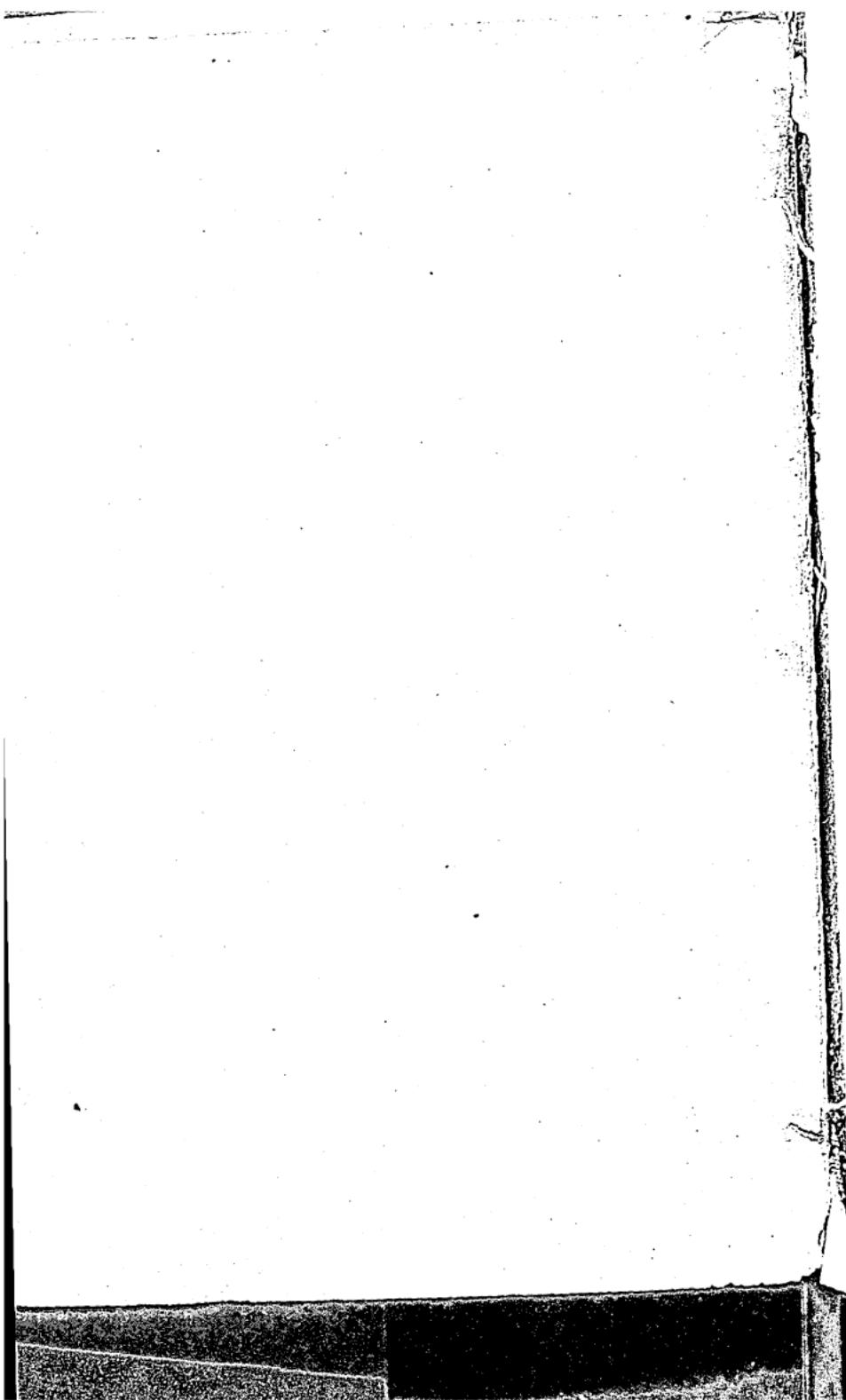
PROFESSOR FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

WHO HAS TAKEN A KINDLY INTEREST IN THE WORK

OF A SECONDARY SCHOOL TEACHER

OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



## PREFACE

THIS little volume contains the best poems of Goldsmith. In addition to *The Deserted Village* and its companion piece, which show his poetic genius, there are many minor poems that show the various sides of his poetic talent.

At the suggestion of many teachers, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man* have been added to show the greatness of Goldsmith as a dramatic artist.

I trust that the student and the general reader will feel satisfaction in having in their hands an anthology of Goldsmith's writings in both poetry and drama.

Goldsmith is best revealed to us by the medium of that charming personality which everywhere pervades his writings; and, since his poetry is the best expression of his character, necessarily, in the Notes, many personal sidelights have been focused on the selected poems. I have endeavored to stress the annotation with appreciation as well as with information, and

hope that students will always keep the beauty of Goldsmith's verse, its substance and form, its rhythm and metre, in the foreground, and that they will ever keep in the background such comments as are at variance with any true method of interpreting poetry.

I have drawn material from the annotations of my predecessors,—editors such as Prior, Mitford, Hales, Rolfe, Tupper, and Austin Dobson. Whenever I have had occasion to use their gleanings, I have given them full acknowledgment.

I wish to thank Professor Arthur B. Milford, of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, who, as an inspiring guide to all that is best in English literature, has ever been a help in time of trouble.

ROBERT N. WHITEFORD.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS,  
May 12, 1905.

## INTRODUCTION

FROM the moment when Goldsmith appears before us as a dancing urchin with pouting, pock-marked face, into which we wish more of his mind had been thrown, we are moved to say, as we look at his "penitential phiz," that here is a youth fated never to knit up the "ravell'd sleave of care," who, because of the quality of no harm within, will be imposed upon by the sharpers of this harsh world. In writing his life we tenderly lift up the tangled threads which were unfeelingly spun out by fate, appreciating how, all through life, a mind never at rest continually encouraged itself by the words, "No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I." At Lissoy, his father did not put the marrow of saving into his bones, so that the boy who knew not how to get a farthing always threw away the guinea. Like Steele he early became a "machine of pity." Steele became such at the age of five, when he pounded for a playmate on his father's coffin and heard no response except

the sobbing of a beautiful mother who frantically clasped him to her bosom. Steele says that he was so overwhelmed with her tears that pity became the weakness of his heart, that good nature became no merit, and that an unmanly gentleness of mind was generated which in after life insnared him into ten thousand calamities and contributed no joy except "that sweet anxiety which arises from memory of past afflictions." It was this mantle of Steele's incapacity for dealing with life's struggles that fell upon Goldsmith. Small-pox had marred his face and disposition, so that few felt the warmth of the smouldering fires of genius within that thickset, drolly-shaped body and head; and like Steele he early lost a father, and by his pranks eventually tired out even his poor mother's patience and love. Without his Uncle Contarine and his brother Henry, his life at the outset would have been completely ruined. It seems that moving, traveling, shifting from one place to another was his lot during the first period of his existence. He went from Paddy Byrne to Mr. Campbell and then to Rev. Patrick Hughes. Lissoy, Elphin, Athlone, Edgeworthstown, in quick succession polished up him, whom everybody termed a blockhead, for Trinity College, Dublin, where he en-

tered June 11, 1744; and here fate assumed a more malignant form.

At this time Pope had just died; and Swift, who years before had been graduated by special favor from Trinity, was with ruined reason seeking an exit from a world which should no longer lacerate his broken heart.

The ungainly, ugly boy went up as sizar, feeling poverty doubly in not getting what his brother Henry had received from his father; but he had grit, far more than that possessed by Johnson, who had not lasted it out at Oxford. There were studies toward which he was inclined; and Wilder his master, mathematics, and fagging, he tried to forget by the fast life of the town. He now aided in a college riot, and having gained an "exhibition" prize of thirty shillings he celebrated the same by giving in No. 35 a dancing party to both sexes. Wilder broke in, knocked down Goldsmith, who, smarting under this disgrace, straightway started for Cork with a view of going to America and was saved from starvation in his meanderings by some peas in the hand of a peasant girl. All this had occurred hard upon his father's death, and through his brother Henry's intercession he again attended the University only to be under more dur-

ance vile. Borrowing became necessary; ballads were written and sold; and his charity course began by his sleeping in a mattress so that a poor woman could have his blankets.

In 1749, the year in which Johnson gave to London his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, Goldsmith received his degree and left a place whereto he never warmly advised any man to send his son. He was now on the point of taking orders, but had to give up a life of luxury and ease — in all probability because of the fault of boyish dress — and tutored for a time at Roscommon, where his Uncle Contarine lived. Tiring of this, he set out on horseback for Cork and engaged passage for America, but as the vessel sailed without him he was compelled to return to Ballymahon on a broken-down horse, termed by him, Fiddleback. After this he started to London to take up the study of law, but on his way at Dublin was fleeced of his guineas, and returned once more to mortified relatives. One more chance of redemption was given by his Uncle Contarine, who was willing to have him go to Edinburgh to take up the study of medicine. So, in the autumn of 1752, in the streets of Auld Reekie, absent-minded Goldsmith luckily met the porter who was able to direct him to his new

lodgings. In Edinburgh he dissipated his time and again gave way to the romantic turn of his family, informing his uncle that Paris and Leyden had far better facilities for the study of medicine than Scotland could furnish. After being relieved from debt he embarked on a vessel, which, before it reached Bordeaux, went down with all on board; but fate watched over Goldsmith with paternal care, for it had set him aside at New-Castle-upon-Tyne so that Leyden could be ultimately reached, and the lore of a year's continental wandering might broaden the mind of a man destined to be a genius of an all-round type of brilliancy. Here, in Holland, teaching and gaming made borrowing, and little anatomy, the result, and we are not at all surprised to see him, in February, 1755, fluting his way from Louvain, where possibly he obtained his medical degree, to Antwerp and Paris, and disputing from Genoa to Florence, Venice, and Padua, until, on February 1, 1756, he landed at Dover with his proverbial ever empty purse which was carried at once to the streets in which Butler and Otway had starved in the previous age. He was now twenty-seven years of age and for a time he saw a friar's end or a suicide's halter, but resolution and principle saved him, together with that watchful

Providence. Possibly, at this time, according to his prose account of the wanderings of George Primrose and his essay on the *Adventures of a Strolling Player*, Goldsmith may have tried acting or helped as a merry-andrew in puppet-shows. He must have known the Otway life and somewhat of the beggars of Axe-Lane. The street and the garret are ever present between the lines of letters written home at this period; but he never became so poor as to read by the light of a cat's eyes. Fish Street Hill lent to him the position of mixing drugs for an apothecary, and his old college friend, Dr. Sleigh, helped on quackery by setting him up as physician in Bank-side, Southwark. What few fees were gained he spent on dress, to which in lavishness he was to be prone for the remainder of his days. Soon, lack of knowledge in the fundamentals of his specialty sent him to the author of *Pamela* as a corrector of proof, and in this capacity no doubt literature first fascinated him, for at this time he presented for criticism to an Edinburgh friend a drama which fortunately has not come down to us. Again, Goldsmith felt the romantic turn that moved him to think of going to decipher the "Written Mountains," so that £300 a year might be his; but the

calling of the East turned into a summons to serve as usher in Dr. Milner's school at Peckham. Literature subtly called him from this disagreeable work, of which he afterward wrote in *The Bee* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in Griffiths, who engaged him as a hack-writer for *The Monthly Review*. But as time moved on, Paternoster Row and Salisbury Square garret proved very unsatisfactory to him who wished to be something more than a reviewer or critic. He cordially hated a critic. In *The Citizen of the World* he says a critic is not a man of taste more than "the Chinese who measures his wisdom by the length of his nails." An author, a creator, he desired to be, not a poor Grub-street apprentice whose style must be directed by a Griffiths. It was now that his first book, *Memoirs of a Protestant*, was published in 1758. But a translation cannot contain the originality of genius. Ever moving, dissatisfied Goldsmith was now back at Peckham writing to his cousin Con of the hazel eyes and harpsichord memory, and to his friends in Ireland, that an original production was to be forthcoming. Trying to make ends meet, in 1758, he enthusiastically tried to secure a surgeon's service on the coast of Coromandel in East India, but presumably fundamentals again failed on the examina-

tion, and for revenge on the world for the low estimate placed on his knowledge he worked away in secret on that prose writing which shows a promise of those graces of what we may call his perfectly happy-at-home style. With his hack-money Goldsmith had crept up Breakneck Stairs to Green Arbor Court, from which he wrote to his brother Henry a letter in which is his second bit of poetry, "An Author's Bed-Chamber," which he saved for *The Citizen of the World* and *The Deserted Village*. About this time Percy visited him as he was correcting proof of a piece which, as has been said, bears all the marks of genius. In April, 1759, in the year in which Burns was born and Collins died in madness at Chichester, and Johnson was defraying his mother's funeral expenses by writing *Rasselas*, was published an *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*.

Goldsmith had now written his first lines which can be called poetry and the first original prose piece, which is chiefly valuable because of its showing his view of current English poetry and drama. In it he attacked blank verse, claiming that the poetry of his age was not equal to it, since only "the greatest sublimity of subject can render such a measure pleasing;"

that it existed only in tuneless flow, and that the poetry of 1759 was a collection of pompous epithets, labored diction, and deviations from common sense, which tided an author to success for a month and then to oblivion forever. Straining at grace and catching at finery is his caustic opinion of the inflated, trifling style of English poetry; and his view of the stage afterward cost him dear with Garrick. He now continued with his hack-work which improved greatly in quality of entertaining subjects such as were contributed to *The Bee*. One should by all means read the paper *On Dress* for humor, and *A City Night-Piece* for pathos, while he should not forget the article on the *Fame Machine*, wherein he sees Samuel Johnson with his *Dictionary* and *The Rambler*. This tribute no doubt caused Johnson to feel that a new star had arisen in the firmament of English authors. If the reader cares to stray farther, he should read the article on *The Sagacity of Some Insects*, and that on *The Augustan Age* in which Goldsmith bemoans the low standard of poetic requirements which seemed only to applaud "dryly didactic," volatile, jingling nonsense or the rasping of blank verse.

Goldsmith again tried poetry, producing such effu-

sions as the original quatrains on Wolfe, *Logicians Refuted*, *To Iris*, and the *Elegy on Mrs. Blaize*, which, with the exception of the last-named piece termed by some critics a classic, scarcely deserve mention unless it be to show the many sides of his talent and that he is guilty of much poetry that he would have his age avoid. The poetic plant flowered late, so late that in 1759 we could not even dream of 1764 and 1770 from these affected imitations. However, the readers of *The Bee* and *The Busy Body* must have been attracted by their raciness, and certainly Percy. His prose had now attracted Smollett, who had just started the *British Magazine*, and Newbery, the editor of the daily *Public Ledger*; to the former of which publications he contributed the fine *Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern* and *The Distresses of the Poor*, and to the latter his famous *Chinese Letters*. The year 1760 had now come and with it a removal to No. 6, Wine Office Court, where soon, on May 31, 1761, he was honored by a first visit from Johnson who, as he rolled himself along, when asked by his friend Percy why he had so dressed himself up, replied that he had determined to set Goldy an example, since he no longer wished to be quoted as a pattern for slovenliness in garb. We look in vain for

Thomson, Blair, Dyer, Allan Ramsay, Collins, and Shenstone were dead, and Churchill had just been buried; Young was rapidly nearing the end, and no notable poet was living but Gray. The condition of English poetry was as it had been in 1761 when Churchill's *Rosciad* had momentarily checked the romanticism which had been set in motion by Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, by Thomson's *Seasons*, by Young's *Night-Thoughts*, by Akenside's *Odes*, by Collins's *Odes*, and Gray's *Elegy*. Goldsmith had had little use for the "tawdry lampoons" of Churchill; for to him satire did not make verse, nor was it pleasing to see abuse and party shaping poetic inspirations so as to spoil Popian couplets. He never quite departed from the rigid models of classicism, even though we aver that he goes astray in *The Haunch of Venison*, the *Bunbury Rhyming Epistle*, and *Retaliation*, in which the metres show the influence of romanticism; but these pieces are ever to be set aside from *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, in which the serious qualities are never belittled by the presence of running anapests. After a survey of the verse of his contemporaries, Goldsmith had come to the conclusion that changing passions, and numbers changing with those passions, revealed the

conceive where you picked up that style." From now on everything that he touches he adorns. His style is as pleasurable to the reader as the novel and the cigars were to Hawthorne in the back room of the hotel in which he was resting after his Blithedale experiences.

Goldsmith had now moved to Islington to begin his *Vicar of Wakefield* and work out for his *Citizen of the World* a poetic confrère; and so what he had written in Switzerland for his brother Henry he showed to Johnson, with whom he was now in high favor, on the Monday evenings spent at the *Literary Club*, which was organized about this time, in 1764. Johnson saw the merit of the descriptions, moralized it, theorized it, and carefully reviewed it after publication, and said it did not spring into favor because of the partiality of friends, but in spite of such, since his friends had always militated against anything good coming from Goldy. The creator of Beau Tibbs had become a poet of the first rank at thirty-six, at an age when Byron and Burns found death. Thus, in 1764, Goldsmith put forth his heroic couplets by which he became the one skylark whose warble was distinctively lyrical between Gray's two Pindaric *Odes* of 1757 and Cowper's *Table-Talk* of 1782.

finally, on closing the one hundred and twenty-three letters he knows the condition of poetry in those degenerate days. Goldsmith laughingly averred that the race of poets was extinct by reason of their catching Pegasus by the tail, thus directing his movements otherwise than by his mouth. Vapid rhymes made poetry. English poets possessed little knowledge of how to regulate their numbers or of making them capable of infinite modulation so as to vary with passions that strike and catch the heart. He held out the preceding age as a model in order that trite sentiments might not be strung up in rhyme. He poked fun at elegies, monodies, and pastorals, which were watered with an onion, and in forced lucubration Goldsmith actually composed an elegy to prove how poetic dulness in his time could pare itself on both sides and leave nothing in the middle but still deeper stupidity; and his *Epigram* addressed to Colman, Lloyd, and Churchill, shows how he valued puppet-moving lines pulled into rhyme and metre at a fool's will.

It is no wonder that Johnson in 1763 regarded Goldsmith as one of the chief authors of England. As Jeffrey wrote to Macaulay, so must Johnson have said to Goldsmith, "The more I think, the less I can

the bur which had the faculty of sticking to his coat-tails. Would that it had been present, but the jealous Scotehman, Boswell, was not to meet Goldsmith until early in 1763.

In May, 1762, was published *The Citizen of the World*, in which are portrayed two great characters, the Man in Black and Beau Tibbs. To-day the letters of Lien Chi Altangi are as delightful reading as when they turned the eyes of literary London toward an obscure author between 1760 and 1762. Nobody knows Goldsmith or his times who has omitted in his reading these Chinese letters in which are the low morals of the Londoners, funerals, a visit to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, and an understanding of English marriages. One goes to the theatre, understands benevolence, charity, pathos, and humor; he studies quacks, old maids, literature clubs, a white mouse with green eyes, current criticism, and Goldsmith's self revealed in the Man in Black, and in Beau Tibbs with whom he dines and with whom he goes to Vauxhall. The reader further peruses articles on dogs and poor poets, old age, and takes a second visit to Westminster Abbey understanding how Irving not only used material from Addison, but also largely from Goldsmith; and,

whole secret by which the monotonous flow, the bloated epithet, and "the dressing up trifles with dignity," could be removed from heroic couplets. He says, "Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas," and, above all, he desired his fellow-poets to avoid the blank verse of innovators, who "not only use blank verse in tragedy and the epic, but even in lyric poetry." But while he admired the old school, he was not blind to the merits of the new. As far back as 1757 he had sneered at the Pindaric attempts of Gray, suggesting that the poet of the *Elegy* should cultivate flowers indigenous, not exotic, to English soil, but he at the same time had seen in these alien pieces the excellence of Dryden's odes. He had memorized some of Gray's *Elegy*; he had recently set his approval on the fine sentiment in the blank verse of Thomson's didactic failure, *Liberty*, which seems to have inspired the apostrophe to freedom in *The Traveller*; and in *Threnodia Augustalis*, which he was yet to write, he purloined from Collins at sweet discretion. The reader can feel that Goldsmith's views of poetry had changed or were changing as he runs across this passage in *Essay XVIII*: "There is an ode extant with-

out rhyme addressed to Evening, by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful; and Mr. Warton, with some others, has succeeded in divers occasional pieces, that are free of this restraint: but the number in all of these depends upon the syllables, and not upon the feet, which are unlimited." Thus we can understand how Goldsmith in his *Traveller* married the body of classicism to the soul of romanticism; and how, as he said of Otway, he painted classicism in this poem directly from nature, catching emotion just as it rises from the soul in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. A few of his great phrases selected here and there from the poem show the variety of his peculiar emotional power, which makes him unique among his contemporaries, and which still sets him apart from all other English poets.

"My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee . . ."

"My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own."

"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small . . ."

"The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine . . ."

"Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast."

"And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast . . ."

"And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore."

" . . . at pleasure's lordly call  
The smiling, long-frequented village fall."

These lines are enough to make even a Goldsmith worshiper re-read this poem, however he may have it at his tongue's end.

At this time Goldsmith came back from Islington to his lodging in the Temple and published his *Essays*, 1765. The pieces especially to be commended are the *Adventures of a Strolling Player*, *Sentimental Comedy*, and those on the technique of poetry, ancient and modern. It was in the year of his *Essays* that he buttoned on his scarlet greatcoat under his chin, wore his fancy wig, and carried his cane to clients, who were in constant danger of being killed by his prescriptions; but, as dress and debt went hand in hand, he soon gave up ruining his dupes and friends by this renewal of quackery.

## INTRODUCTION

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He now published on March 27, 1766, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which will always remain his *tour de force* prose piece. By it he not only measured arms with the dead Richardson and Fielding, but also with the living Sterne and Smollett. In it he created a character which is a composite of Chaucer's priest, Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, Fielding's Parson Adams, and Sterne's Uncle Toby. Dr. Primrose is an allegorical personage like Job. The novel is a tale of adversity ending in prosperity, the hero of which is like Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*, or like Hamlet, being portrayed to set off the good individual in life for whom the snares are set. The Vicar is a passive actor on the arena of a destiny that shifts its own scenery, and he is to be admired only in the way in which he takes woe and weal with equal grace and thanks. Goldsmith helped in the evolution of English fiction by writing an idyllic romance which gives us two characteristics, optimism and nature, making for righteousness in a life which, even at its worst, was beautiful and worth the living. The plot as Macaulay says is an impossible one, but we only care to note that it well sustains the study of a fascinating personality, that it is "an imperishable tale of the misfortunes of that compound of wisdom and

simplicity, of vanity and unselfishness, of shrewdness and benevolence — the Vicar of Wakefield," and that in this respect it is not autobiographical, but universal. It is not necessary to speak of the subordinate characters who meted out the seeming evils. They whose names are familiar in every cultured household are but foils to set off the virtues of him who by "an habitual acquaintance with misery" went through "the truest school of fortitude and philosophy." And even the ethical phrases bend in proper support to this clear conception of the character of the Vicar.

" . . . the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

"That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel."

" . . . never strike an unnecessary blow at a victim, over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."

"Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse."

" . . . that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

¶ "Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom."

Johnson had been the first to see the merits of this novel, and by selling it for sixty guineas tided Goldsmith over an unfortunate rental quarrel. It seems, though the exact circumstances of Goldsmith's arrangements with Collins, the publisher, will never be known, that the various editions of the novel in his lifetime brought nothing but loss to all concerned. In passing we must not forget that his ballad, *The Hermit*, of 1765, was inserted in the novel, as well as *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly*, and the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, which he had written during some of his leisure moments.

During 1767 Goldsmith was at Islington, probably at Canonbury House, and when in the city, at Garden Court. He had now finished his *The Good-Natured Man*, which was staged by Colman at Covent Garden on January 29, 1768. By the proceeds of this comedy he extravagantly fitted up his rooms at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, for had he not, according to Boswell, in Garden Court said to Johnson, "I shall soon be in better chambers"? We only wish he had paid more attention to Johnson's reply, "Nil te quaesiveris extra," for this new outlay was the beginning of permanent unhappiness. A mind that ever works under the incubus of pecuni-

ary distress will derange itself; and we can readily see how, by the card parties and dinners given at this time, he increased that nervousness of a mind constituted never to be at rest. His vanity had ever required a heyday fling of folly, no matter what it cost in the long run. One day, possibly during his hours of revelry, there entered his apartments the news of his brother's death. His brother had died at Athlone. Should old acquaintance and Lissoy be forgot and never brought to mind? Had he not in the *Dedication* of *The Traveller* expressed the wish that the quiet obscurity of Henry's happy life had been his? And, from May, 1768; on, he began that tenderest and best poem which is redolent of his boyhood joys and sorrows and precious memories of kith and kin. Oppressed by his improvident condition and depressed by his lonely life, since all of his relatives were either dead or scattered, he turned for solace to the making of this new poem in "Shoemaker's Paradise," the little cottage at Edgeware, where he also worked on his *Roman History*. In 1769 he was conspicuous at Boswell's famous dinner, and it was during this year that he was elected Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy, and began a natural history, which made good

Johnson's prediction that it would be as agreeable as a Persian tale, when it subsequently appeared as *Animated Nature*.

May 26, 1770, is the great date in Goldsmith's life, for it gave to the world *The Deserted Village*, a poem the beauty of which is unanalyzable. It is a pastoral lyric that possesses in its finest lines no artifice but the genuine emotion which beats into rhythm the ecstasy of beholding the joys of peasantry, the pathos of seeing these joys pass into sorrows, and the indignation which is hot against a government that has made laws to grind the poor and elevate the rich. Goldsmith's lines are at times as virulent and bitter in protest against the social evils of his day as those of Milton and Shelley when they called down fire from heaven on blind mouths, sons of Belial, herded wolves, obscene ravens, and vultures "Who feed where desolation first has fed." He hangs crape on his imagery not only to set off hatred against injustice and greed of the luxurious rich, but also to set off in sparkling colors crystal tears dropped for true love's sake. There is only one poet with whom we can compare him in power of inimitable tender pathos, and that is Cowper who, as memory brings up a little child of six and a funeral procession filing away

from nursery windows, sobs anew for his mother who in this manner in the days of yore had departed never to return. All the agony of sixty years is in this couplet:—

“By expectation every day beguiled,  
Duke of *to-morrow* even from a child.”

If we can sum up Cowper’s life in this felicitous phrase, so likewise can we Goldsmith’s when we turn to that part of *The Deserted Village* where the agony of eighteen years is expressed in hoping that at some time he might return to die amid the scenes of his childhood. We feel that he is choking down the tears in that plaintive refrain, “I still had hopes,” which makes the passage not only the very quintessence of lyricism, but also the finest he ever wrote.

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life’s taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn’d skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return — and die at home at last."

The description of the village; the portraits of his brother, father, and Paddy Byrne; the inn; the comparison of England to a female, whose charms are fled, shining forth in all the impotence of dress; his sympathetic penciling of innocence, "Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn," becoming a "poor houseless shivering" wretch, where "Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square," and his lofty idea of the function of poetry, sweet poetry, that loveliest maid — make us ask where is there another poem comparable to it in exquisitely chiseled imagery, in white-heat struck out phrases, in elegance of diction, and softness of numbers. We reluctantly leave a poem which is so arrayed in nature's simplest charms as to stir the fountains of those early, deep remembrances that turn all our past to pain. The emotional technique of the whole poem is explained by this couplet: —

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

Goldsmith after publishing his *Deserted Village* visited Paris with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters, — Catherine, "Little Comedy," and Mary, "the Jessamy Bride." During his absence Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul, perished in his beauty and his pride" in his Holborn chamber. On coming back, after a visit with Lord Clare in 1771 he wrote his airy *Haunch of Venison*, which is full of such raillery and sallies of innuendo as: —

"But what vex'd me most was that —— Scottish rogue,  
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue ;  
And, ' Madam,' quoth he, ' may this bit be my poison,  
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;  
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd,  
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'  
'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,  
'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week ;  
I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;  
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.' "

From this minor poem Goldsmith turned to his *History of England*, and in the farm-house at Edgeware Road, where he was to have summer outings until his death, he continued writing his compilations. In February, 1772, his dirge, *Threnodia Augustalis*, was written, of which hasty composition it is not

necessary to speak. Students of Goldsmith's poetry, however, should not omit the prose verse letter written at this time to "Little Comedy," who had become the wife of Bunbury, the caricaturist. Like *The Haunch of Venison*, its anapestic rhymes are full of delightful repartee and bantering. Prior first brought it to light in 1837. The sixth mile stone on Edgeware Road also helped to bring out on March 15, 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which ranks Goldsmith with Sheridan. At this time he was still drawing animals on the walls for *Animated Nature*, and he was working on his *History of Greece*. These compilations can be pardoned the padding of inaccuracies because of the witchery of their style.

Goldsmith was now hopelessly in debt, writing in order to get advance money and with no expectation of ever settling old scores. Was a poet ever trusted before to the extent of two thousand pounds? As De Quincey says, there comes a time in every man's life when his past rushes in upon his present and seeks to annihilate it. Dress, gaming, charity, his Purdons and his Pilkingtons had done him to the death, and he was now grappling with the phantoms of these, his own mistakes, which had made the path of fate so tortuous. Brooding had increased his nervous

malady to a mild form of insanity, which was far preferable to what lay near in the shadowy shape of Fleet Street Prison. His friends could not aid him. Their invitations to dinners and coffee-houses only helped him to forget. They even went so far as to write epitaphs on one who for years had been burying himself alive by being, as Johnson said, no man's friend, since he had never been a friend to himself. If Johnson was of this opinion, what must his other companions have thought of his down-hill career at this time? I have often thought the reason why Johnson did not write an epitaph on Goldsmith in St. James's coffee-house was because he felt that soon he would be compelled to write one in grim earnest, and he had not long to wait. On April 4, 1774, two weeks before his unfinished *Retaliation*, with its fine anapestic epitaphs on Burke, Garrick, and Reynolds, was published, the ghosts of his mistakes — and mistakes are as tragic oft as sins — called him to a world where he did not have to meet his creditors. If on that blue Monday in London the members of the *Literary Club* could have communed with Goldsmith's spirit, it would have hushed their anxious inquiries by replying, "Thank God, my mind is at rest. Do not grieve, since for the first time in my ill-fated life I have found ease."

The attitude of men toward Goldsmith had ever been after an acquaintanceship of a few minutes, first to respect and then to ride him out of the room. And, if he caused men to laugh and jeer at him because of idiosyncrasies, women, too, even those who laughingly defended him, were so affected by his abominable absurdities that they could not conceal their opinions, consequently giving him little credit for any real worth as a man. They considered him a light weight, never dreaming that he craved either their sympathy or love. Men of genius have been unfortunate in being embarrassed by an over-amount of advances or overtures on the part of women who thought they could be ministering angels to peculiarities. But Goldsmith was the abstract of all faults that are found in all geniuses, and it is said woman can never love a man who is ridiculed by everybody of both sexes. If only "the Jessamy Bride" had taken him and disentangled the net of finances enmeshing him, the world might have had another *Deserted Village*. If his two great poems came up out of darkness, what might he not have produced under favorable environment with a noble woman at his side to help. But he had to accept his fate — to reign a lonely king and die without the love of woman or that of children.

I think his poor, ugly body must have stirred in its coffin as it felt that lock of hair going into the keeping of her whom he could have loved, if only half a chance had been given. Swift while dying at the top could comfort himself by the thought that he had been found lovable by Stella and Vanessa; and if anything more pathetic can be written than "Only a woman's hair," it can be. "Only a man's hair." Longfellow tells us that no man is so utterly wretched or cursed by fate but somewhere a heart responds unto his own. However, it is not always the feminine heart. The pathos of "Only a man's hair" is in understanding that such words were never written by Mary Horneck, but they might have been, and in the thought underlying the lock of hair which intimates that in life Goldsmith was too ugly and too peculiar, even though he wrote like an angel, ever to elicit any love from his "Jessamy Bride," who may have tried her best to give him her heart, but in vain.

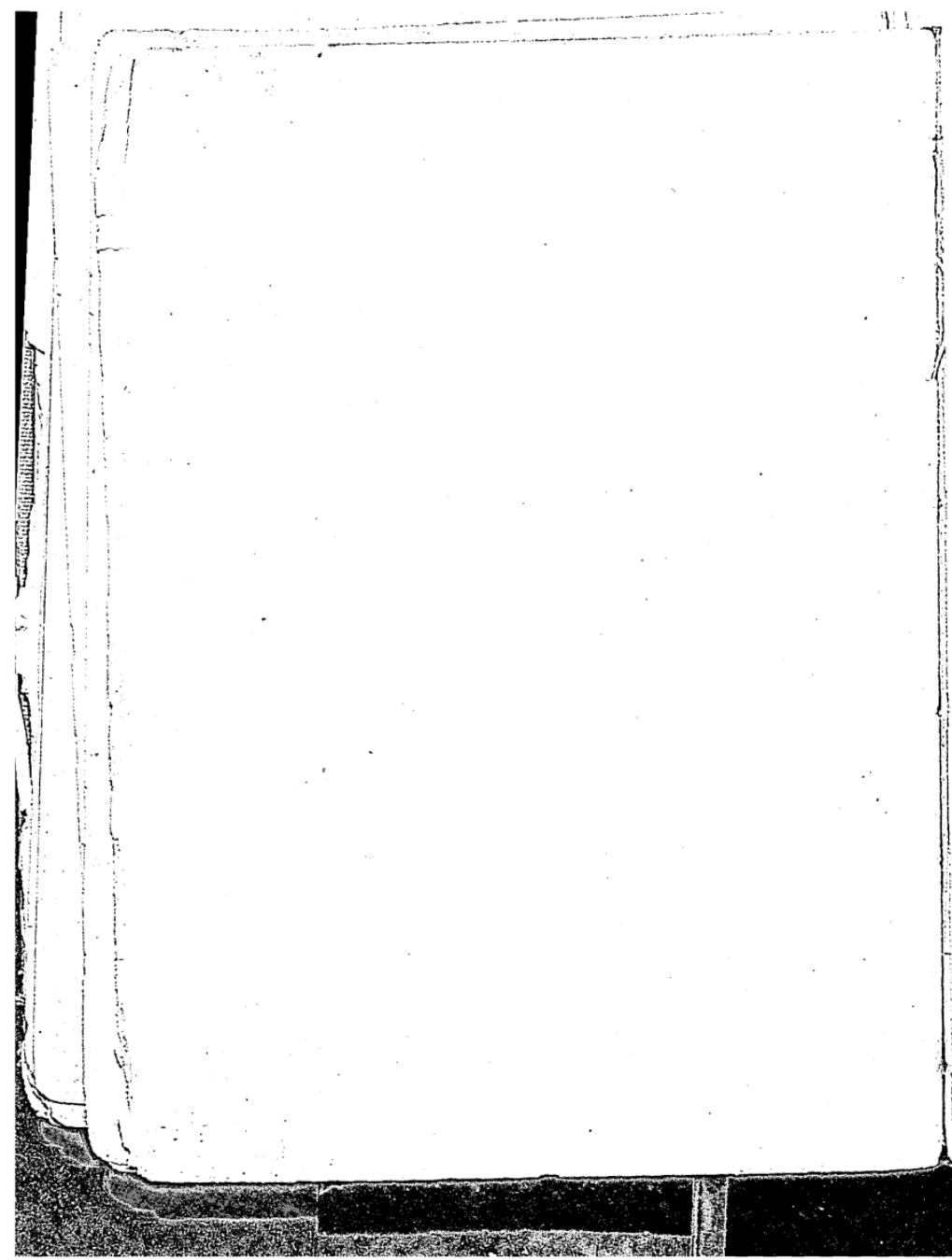
Goldsmith's debts kept him from having a public funeral and from Westminster Abbey; and they pursued him even into the Temple burying-ground, making his obsequies as dismal as those of Poe. No man knows the exact spot of his interment, but we all know where to go to read "Nullum ferè scribendi genus non

tetigit; nullum quod tetigit non ornavit," and after reading the epitaph we think of what Johnson once said, "He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better."

Thus the pen dropped from the wizard hand of the kind and gentle "slave of letters, and the master of letters," whose humor and pathos had adorned English literature in almost all of its phases,—in criticism, in biography, in history, in fiction, in drama, and in poetry. Consider what an irreparable loss it would be to English letters if we had to surrender *The Citizen of the World*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Deserted Village*, *The Traveller*, *Retaliation*, and *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly*.

In conclusion, we can safely place Goldsmith as a poet beside Gray, saying of him as Matthew Arnold said of the recluse of Cambridge, "He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE  
AND OTHER POEMS



DEDICATION  
TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

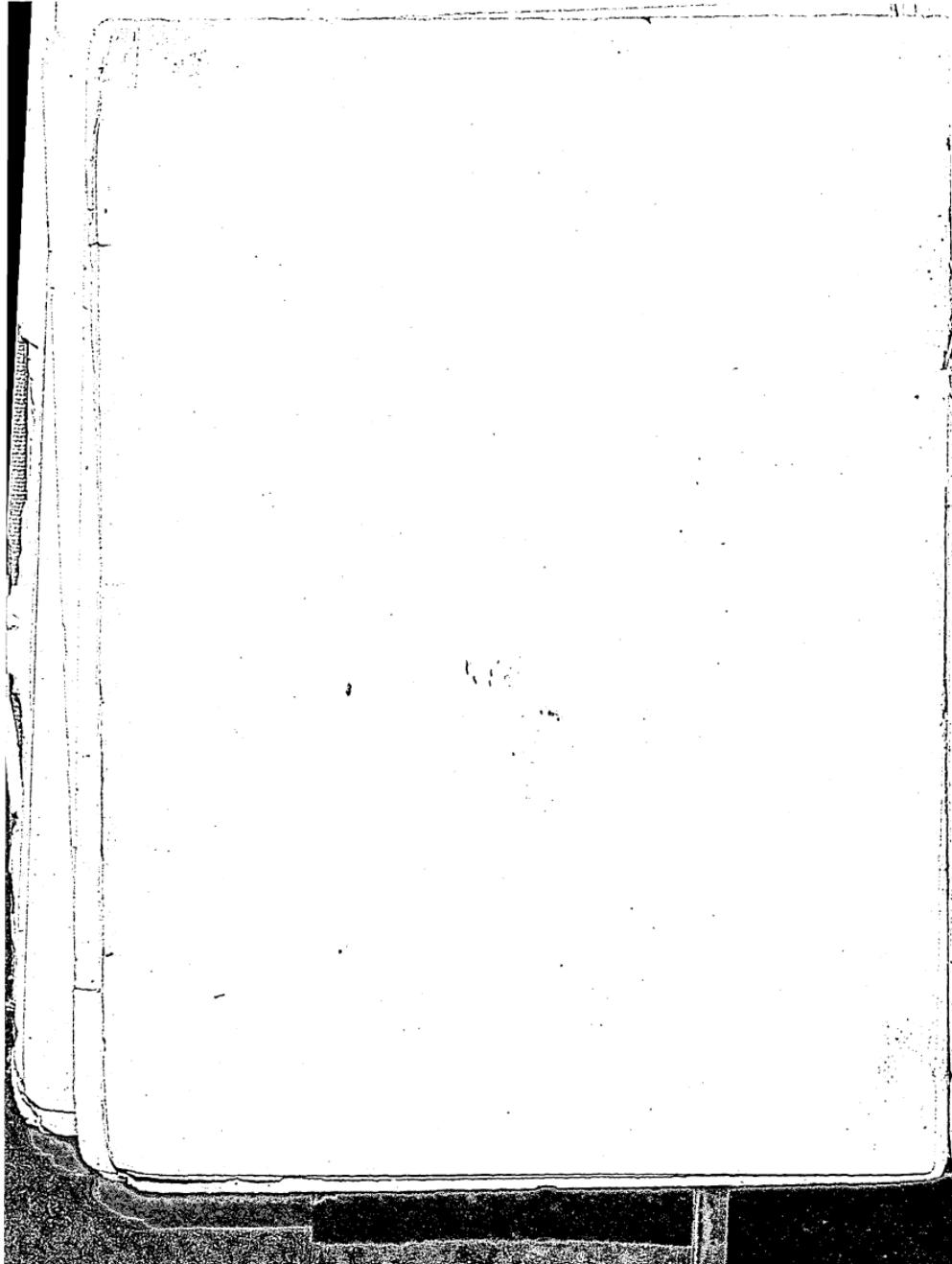
How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is

no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has

been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,  
Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET AUBURN°! loveliest village of the plain;  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
How often have I paus'd on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church° that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush,° with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train,° from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,

While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd; 20  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mortal band inspir'd;  
The dancing pair<sup>o</sup> that simply sought renown 25  
By holding out to tire each other down;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love, 29  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like  
these,  
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:  
These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.  
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green:  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy deset-walks the lapwing flies, 45  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;  
Sunk are thy bowers in silentless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ervets the mouldering wall;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,<sup>o</sup>  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade<sup>o</sup>;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry<sup>o</sup> their country's pride, 55  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs<sup>o</sup> began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health; 6c  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose, 65  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,

And every pang that folly pays to pride.<sup>o</sup>  
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little ~~want~~,<sup>70</sup>  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene.  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all that green;  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.<sup>o</sup>

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.<sup>75</sup>  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,  
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,<sup>80</sup>  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swell's at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings<sup>o</sup> round this world of care,  
In all my griefs<sup>o</sup> — and God has given my share —  
I still had hopes,<sup>o</sup> my latest hours to crown,<sup>85</sup>  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,<sup>90</sup>  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;

(And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,<sup>o</sup>  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return — and die at home at last.<sup>o</sup>

95

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
How happy he who crowns in shades like these  
A youth of labour with an age of ease; ✓

100

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly<sup>o</sup>!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
No surly porter<sup>o</sup> stands in guilty state,

105

To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,

Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,

While resignation<sup>o</sup> gently slopes the way;

110

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,

115

The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbed o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school,      120  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale<sup>o</sup> had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,      125  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate<sup>o</sup> in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:      130  
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,      135  
The sad historian<sup>o</sup> of the pensive plain!  
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's<sup>o</sup> modest mansion rose.      140  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year<sup>o</sup>;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place; 145  
Unpractis'd he to fawn,° or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain: 150  
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer prou'd,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
The broken soldier,° kindly bade to stay, 155  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave° ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries

To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.<sup>o</sup>

170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood; at his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,<sup>175</sup>  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.<sup>180</sup>

The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;<sup>185</sup>  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest:  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:

As some tall cliff<sup>o</sup> that lifts its awful form,<sup>189</sup>  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay, 195  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master<sup>o</sup> taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declar'd how much he knew:  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge: 210  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew, 215  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame; the very spot

Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 22c  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225

The parlour splendours of that festive place:  
The white-wash'd wall,° the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;  
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 23c  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules,° the royal game of goose°;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, 235  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all  
Reprise the tottering mansion from its fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 24c  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;      245  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
But <sup>v</sup>itiful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
Its vi<sup>m</sup> the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.      250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;      255  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd —      260  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand      265

Between a splendid and an happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,<sup>o</sup>  
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;  
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around;  
Yet count our gains; this wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their  
growth;

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His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies;  
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all  
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

285

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,

290

When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress,<sup>o</sup>  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:  
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,  
But verging to decline, its splendours rise;  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:  
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms — a garden, and a grave.

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Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits<sup>o</sup> stray'd  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

310

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Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign  
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train : 320  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !  
Sure these denote one universal joy ! 324  
Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah, turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shivering female<sup>o</sup> lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn<sup>o</sup> : 330  
Now lost to all, — her friends, her virtue fled, —  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the  
shower,  
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335  
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.  
Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine the loveliest  
train, —  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?  
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.<sup>o</sup>

340

Ah, no ! To distant climes,<sup>o</sup> a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama<sup>o</sup> murmurs to their woe.

Far different there<sup>o</sup> from all that charm'd before

345

The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

355

Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers<sup>o</sup> wait their hapless prey,

355

And savage men more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,

Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.

Far different these from every former scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,

That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

360

Good Heaven ! What sorrows gloom'd that part-ing day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,      365  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main,  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.      370  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,      375  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,      380  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear,  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,<sup>o</sup>  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;  
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times<sup>o</sup> of shame  
To catch the heart,<sup>o</sup> or strike for honest fame;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds,<sup>o</sup> my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,

That found'st me poor at first,<sup>o</sup> and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !  
Farewell, and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's<sup>o</sup> cliffs, or Pambamarca's<sup>o</sup> side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;  
Teach<sup>o</sup> erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,  
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest ;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

## DEDICATION

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH

EAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can require no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus torefix your name to my attempts, which you decline living with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition,

what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticisms, and from the divisions of party that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favor once shown to her, and though but younger sister seize upon the elder's birthright.

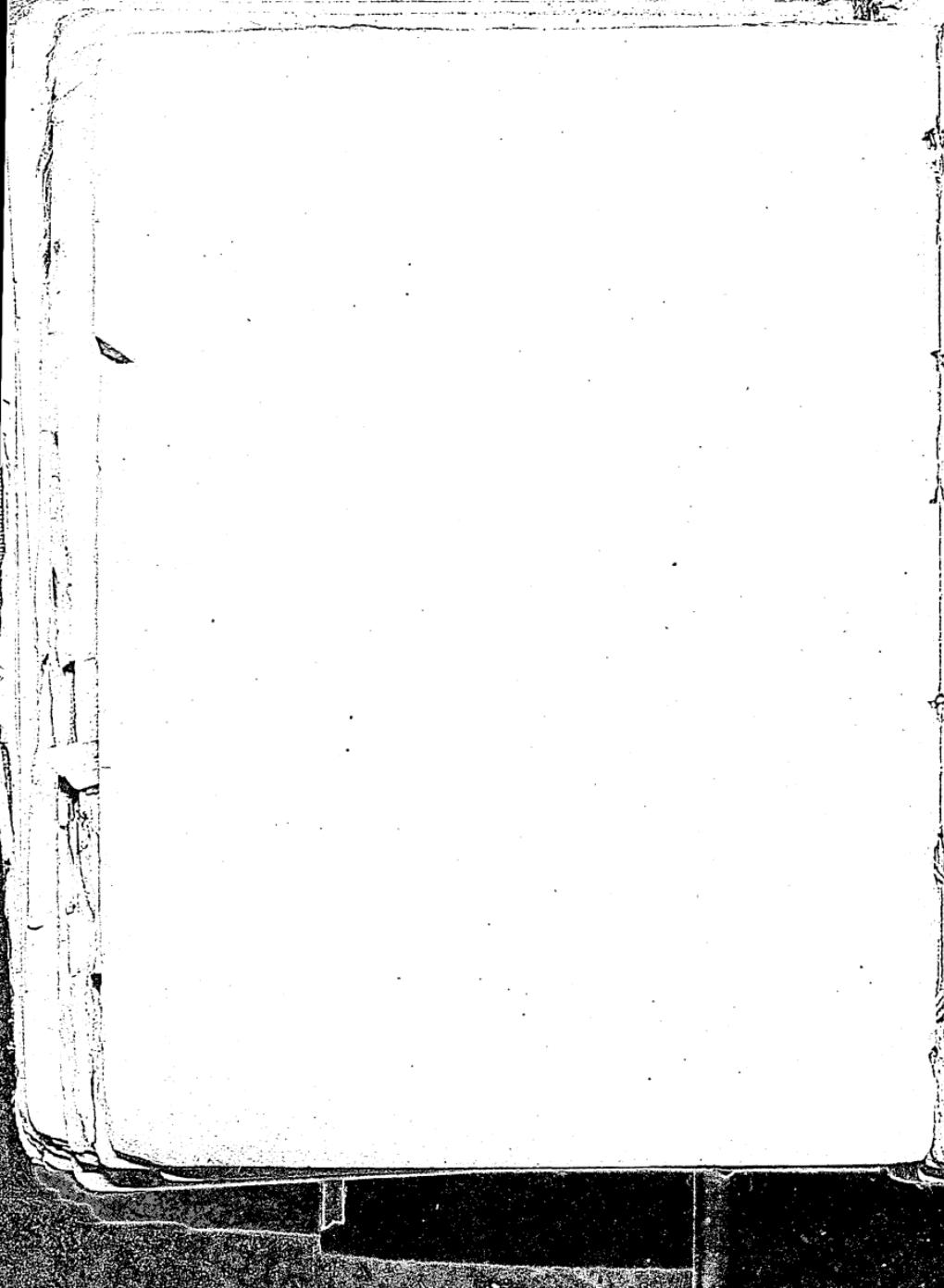
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Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistakes of the learned to improve it. What criticism have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the dis-

temper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate Brother,  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



# THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

## A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,<sup>o</sup>  
Or by the lazy Scheldt,<sup>o</sup> or wandering Po;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian<sup>o</sup> boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;  
Or where Campania's plain<sup>o</sup> forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies:  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;  
Still to my brother turns,<sup>o</sup> with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.<sup>o</sup>

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:  
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,<sup>20</sup>  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good,<sup>o</sup> that mocks me with the view;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,<sup>o</sup>  
And find no spot of all the world my own.<sup>30</sup>

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.<sup>35</sup>

When thus creation's charms around combine,  
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?  
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?  
Let school-taught<sup>o</sup> pride dissemble all it can,<sup>39</sup>

These little things are great to little man;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour  
crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;  
For me your tributary stores combine;  
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:  
Yet oft a sigh prevails,<sup>o</sup> and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone

Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease:  
The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods<sup>o</sup> for all the good they gave.  
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first, best country ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
And estimate the blessings which they share,  
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind<sup>o</sup> alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;  
With food as well the peasant is supplied  
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side<sup>o</sup>;  
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.  
From art<sup>o</sup> more various are the blessings sent;  
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.  
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest.

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Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,<sup>a</sup>  
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone.

Each to the favourite happiness attends,<sup>95</sup>  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;  
Till carried to excess in each domain,  
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:<sup>100</sup>  
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;  
Like yon neglected shrub<sup>b</sup> at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,<sup>105</sup>  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theoretic pride;  
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.<sup>110</sup>

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,<sup>115</sup>

Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives that blossom but to die:  
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
Man seems the only growth that dwindleth here.  
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,  
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;  
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;  
And even in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,  
That opulence departed leaves behind;  
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,  
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;  
At her command the palace learnt to rise,  
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;  
The canvas glow'd beyond even nature warm,  
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;  
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;

While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;  
And late the nation found with fruitless skill  
Its former strength was but plethoric<sup>o</sup> ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;  
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind  
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade<sup>o</sup> ;  
Processions form'd for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,  
The sports of children satisfy the child<sup>o</sup> ;  
Each nobler aim, represt by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind :

As in those domes, where Cæsars<sup>o</sup> once bore sway,  
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;  
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile,

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey

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Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.  
No product here the barren hills<sup>o</sup> afford,      170  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,<sup>o</sup>  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.      174

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though  
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;      180  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,      185  
Breasts<sup>o</sup> the keen air, and carols as he goes;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep,  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way.

And drags the struggling savage into day. 190  
At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire,° and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard, 195  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart; 200  
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;  
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. 210  
Yet let them only share the praises due,  
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;  
For every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215  
That first excites desire, and then supplies;  
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame, 220  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;  
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer  
On some high festival of once a year, 225  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:  
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;  
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run; 230  
(And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart  
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;  
But all the gentler morals, such as play 235  
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,  
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,

I turn; and France displays her bright domain. 240  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire°?

Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;  
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,  
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic° lore,  
Has brisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, 255  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
For honour forms the social temper here:  
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260  
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;  
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise.

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem, 265  
Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise;  
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought; 270  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275  
And trims her robes of frieze<sup>o</sup> with copper lace;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean-leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, 285  
Lift the tall rampire's<sup>o</sup> artificial pride.  
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,

Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore: 290  
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, — 295  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits<sup>o</sup> in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain. 300  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;  
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, 305  
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.  
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, 310  
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic<sup>o</sup> sires of old!  
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;      315  
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian<sup>o</sup> pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes<sup>o</sup> glide. 320  
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
There gentle music melts on every spray;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,  
Extremes are only in the master's mind !  
Stern o'er each bosom<sup>o</sup> reason holds her state,      325  
With daring aims irregularly great;  
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye;  
I see the lords of human kind pass by,  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,      330  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right, above control,  
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;      335  
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,  
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy:  
That independence Britons prize too high,

Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie; 340  
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.

Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;  
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345  
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,  
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels  
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway, 350  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;  
 Till time may come, when stript of all her charms, 355  
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,  
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die. 360

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,  
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great<sup>o</sup>;  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;

And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel  
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;  
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure  
 I only would repress them to secure:

365

For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those who think must govern those that toil;  
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

370

375

O then how blind to all that earth requires,  
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires  
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms:  
 But when contending chiefs<sup>o</sup> blockade the throne,  
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
 Laws grind the poor,<sup>o</sup> and rich men rule the law;  
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,  
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;  
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,

380

385

Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart; 39d  
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,  
When first ambition struck at regal power;  
And thus polluting honour in its source, 395  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste, 400  
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ?  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose ?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call, 405  
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;  
Where wild Oswego<sup>o</sup> spreads her swamps around, 410  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,      415  
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise;  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,°      420  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind:  
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,      425  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!      430  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find:  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,      435  
Luke's iron crown,° and Damiens' bed of steel,°  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

## THE HERMIT°

“TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow,  
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,  
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows,  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

20

"No flocks that range the valley free,  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side,  
A guiltless feast I bring,  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

25

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;  
All earth-born cares are wrong:  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

30

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell:  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

35

Far in the wilderness obscure,  
The lonely mansion lay,  
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

40

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Required a master's care;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The Hermit trimmed his little fire,  
And cheered his pensive guest:

45

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily pressed and smiled;  
And skilled in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguiled.

50

Around in sympathetic mirth,  
Its tricks the kitten tries,  
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,  
The crackling faggot flies.

55

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

6c

His rising cares the Hermit spied,  
 With answering care opprest:  
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
 "The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurned,  
 Reluctant dost thou rove?  
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,  
 Or unregarded love?

65

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,  
 Are trifling, and decay;  
 And those who prize the paltry things  
 More trifling still than they.

<sup>70</sup>  
baiting

"And what is friendship but a name,  
 A charm that lulls to sleep,  
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
 But leaves the wretch to weep?

75

"And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

80

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said:  
But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view;  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

85

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms:  
The lovely stranger stands confest,  
A maid in all her charms.

90

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried;  
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

95

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

100

"My father lived beside the Tyne;  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,—  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumbered suitors came,  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feigned a flame.

105

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove;  
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,  
But never talked of love.

110

"In humble, simplest habits clad,  
No wealth nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

115

“And when beside me in the dale,  
He carolled lays of love,  
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
And music to the grove.

120

“The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display,  
To emulate his mind.

“The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!  
Their constancy was mine.

125

“For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain;  
And while his passion touched my heart,  
I triumphed in his pain.

130

“Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride,  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

135

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

14c

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,  
And clasped her to his breast:  
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—  
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

145

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear;  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.

150

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign:  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life — my all that's mine?

155

## SONGS AND STANZAS

### WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY<sup>o</sup>

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

5

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,—  
It cannot hold you long.

55

In Islington<sup>o</sup> there was a man,  
    Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran, —  
    Whene'er he went to pray.

5

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
    To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad, —  
    When he put on his clothes.

10

And in that town a dog was found,  
    As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
    And curs of low degree.

15

This dog and man at first were friends;  
    But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
    Went mad, and bit the man.

2c

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
    The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
    To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX,  
MRS. MARY BLAIZE

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word —  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor —  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please  
With manners wondrous winning;

And never follow'd wicked ways —  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumber'd in her pew —  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has follow'd her —  
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all;  
The doctors found, when she was dead —  
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,  
For Kent Street<sup>o</sup> well may say,  
That had she lived a twelvemonth more —  
She had not died to-day.

## EPITAPH ON DR. PARSELL

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle PARNELL's<sup>o</sup> name,  
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.

What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,  
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way !

Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid ;

5

And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.

Needless to him the tribute we bestow,

The transitory breath of fame below :

More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,

While converts thank their poet in the skies.

10

## STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,

Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,

Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,

And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe<sup>o</sup>! to thee a streaming flood of woe,

5

Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;

Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,

Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,  
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:      10  
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !  
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

### THE WRETCH CONDEMNED WITH LIFE TO PART°

THE wretch condemned with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies ;  
 And every pang, that rends the heart,  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,      5  
 Adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

### O MEMORY ! THOU FOND DECEIVER°

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

5

### AH, ME! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME°?

AH, me! when shall I marry me?  
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me:  
He, fond youth, that could carry me,  
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:  
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover:  
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

5

## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter  
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.  
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;  
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help  
    regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;  
I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view,  
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù*;  
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,  
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:  
    But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,  
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.  
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,  
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?  
Well, suppose it a bounce.—sure a poet may try,  
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest, in my turn,  
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.<sup>o</sup>

To go on with my tale: as I gazed on the haunch,  
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch; 20  
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds<sup>o</sup> undrest,  
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.  
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose —  
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's<sup>o</sup>:  
But in parting with these I was puzzled again, 25  
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the  
when.

There's Howard, and Coley, and H—rth, and Hiff,<sup>o</sup>  
I think they love venison — I know they love beef.  
There's my countryman, Higgins<sup>o</sup> — oh ! let him alone,  
For making a blunder, or picking a bone. 30

But, hang it ! — to poets who seldom can eat,  
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;  
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,  
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.<sup>o</sup>

While thus I debated, in reverie centred, 35  
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;  
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow<sup>o</sup> was he,  
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

"What have we got here ? — Why this is good eating !  
Your own, I suppose — or is it in waiting ?" 40

"Why, whose should it be ?" cried I with a flounce,  
"I get these things often" — but that was a bounce;

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,  
Are pleased to be kind — but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,. 45  
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.  
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;  
No words — I insist on't — precisely at three;  
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be  
there; 49

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.  
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,  
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.  
What say you — a pasty? It shall, and it must,  
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.  
Here, porter! this venison<sup>o</sup> with me to Mile-end: 55  
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"  
Thus, snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,  
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,  
And "nobody with me at sea but myself"<sup>o</sup>; 60  
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,  
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,  
Were things that I never disliked in my life,  
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.  
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,  
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach. 66

When come to the place where we all were to dine,  
(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine),  
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite  
dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come:  
"For I knew it," he cried: "both eternally fail; 71  
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale."  
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party  
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.  
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew; 75  
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;  
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;  
Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.<sup>o</sup>  
While thus he described them, by trade and by name,  
They entered, and dinner was served as they came. 80

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen;  
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;  
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;  
In the middle a place where the pasty — was not.  
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion, 85  
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;  
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,  
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:  
But what vex'd me most was that d——d Scottish  
rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his  
brogue,

90

And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,  
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;

Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,  
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."

94

"The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,  
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:

I like these here dinners so pretty and small;

But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."

"O! ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice;  
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:

100

"There's a pasty." — "A pasty!" repeated the Jew;  
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."

"What, the deil, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;

"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;

105

"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.

While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,  
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid:

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright;

Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.

110

But we quickly found out — for who could mistake  
her? —

That she came with some terrible news from the baker:

And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven  
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.  
Sad Philomel<sup>o</sup> thus — but let similes drop —      115  
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.  
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,  
To send such good verses to one of your taste;  
You've got an odd something — a kind of discerning,  
A relish, a taste — sickened over by learning;      120  
At least it's your temper, as very well known,  
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:  
So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,  
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

## RETALIATION

Of old, when Scarron<sup>o</sup> his companions invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;  
If our landlord<sup>o</sup> supplies us with beef and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best  
dish:

4

Our Dean<sup>o</sup> shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;  
Our Burke<sup>o</sup> shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;  
Our Will<sup>o</sup> shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,  
And Dick<sup>o</sup> with his pepper shall heighten the savour;  
Our Cumberland's<sup>o</sup> sweetbread its place shall obtain,  
And Douglas<sup>o</sup> is pudding, substantial and plain; 10  
Our Garrick's<sup>o</sup> a salad, for in him we see  
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree;  
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,  
That Ridge<sup>o</sup> is anchovy, and Reynolds<sup>o</sup> is lamb;  
That Hickey's<sup>o</sup> a capon, and, by the same rule, 15  
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.  
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,  
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?  
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,

Till all my companions sink under the table;      20  
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,  
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,  
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with  
mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt —      25  
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;  
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,  
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,<sup>o</sup> whose genius was  
such,  
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;      30  
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;  
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his  
throat,

To persuade Tommy Townshend<sup>o</sup> to lend him a vote;  
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of  
dining;      36

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;  
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,  
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,  
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.      40

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,  
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,<sup>o</sup> whose heart was a mint,  
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was  
in't:

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,  
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;  
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,  
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.  
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;  
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his  
own.

Here lies honest Richard,<sup>o</sup> whose fate I must sigh at;  
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!  
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!  
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb<sup>o</sup>;  
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball; 55  
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!  
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
That we wished him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;  
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again. . . . . 60

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,  
The Terence<sup>o</sup> of England, the mender of hearts;  
A flattering painter, who made it his care

To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.  
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine, 65  
And comedy wonders at being so fine;  
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,  
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.  
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd  
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud; 70  
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,  
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.  
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?  
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?  
Say, was it that vainly directing his view 75  
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,  
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,  
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,  
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks: 80  
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,  
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-  
clines!

When satire and censure encircled his throne,  
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;  
But now he is gone, and we want a detector, 85  
Our Dodds<sup>o</sup> shall be pious, our Kenricks<sup>o</sup> shall lec-  
ture,

Macpherson° write bombast, and call it a style,  
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;  
New Lauders and Bowers° the Tweed shall cross over,  
No countryman living their tricks to discover;        90  
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the  
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,  
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;  
As an actor,° confess'd without rival to shine;        95  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:  
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.        100  
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;  
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.  
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:        104  
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick  
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:  
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them  
back.  
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;      110  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.  
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.  
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,° and Woodfalls° so grave,      115  
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you  
gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you  
raised,  
While he was be-Roscius'd,° and you were be-praised !  
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :      120  
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;  
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
And Beaumonts and Bens° be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant crea-  
ture,      125

And slander itself must allow him good nature;  
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;  
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.  
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?  
I answer, no, no ; for he always was wiser.      130  
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.  
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,  
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no! 134  
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye!  
He was — could he help it? — a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind:  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,  
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland: 140  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.  
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of  
hearing;  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,° and  
stuff, 145  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.°

## DRAMAS

### THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

#### PREFACE

WHEN I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term, genteel comedy, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience than nature and humour in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know anything of composition are sensible that, in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean: I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a sponging-house; but, in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the

bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental that it has not only banished humour and Molière from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the *Good-Natured Man* has met with; and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any, who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Men

<i>Leontine</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Bensley
<i>Jarvis</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Dunstall
<i>Butler</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Cushing
<i>Bailiff</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. R. Smith
<i>Dubardieu</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Holtom
<i>Postboy</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Quick

## WOMEN

<i>Miss Richland</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Bulkley
<i>Olivia</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Mattocks
<i>Mrs. Croaker</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Pitt
<i>Garnet</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Green
<i>Landlady</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. White

Scene—London



# THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

## PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON, SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY<sup>o</sup>

PRESS'D by the load of life, the weary mind  
Surveys the general toil of human kind,  
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,  
And social sorrow loses half its pain:  
Our anxious bard, without complaint may share      5  
This bustling season's epidemic care,  
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,  
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great;  
Distress'd alike, the statesman and the wit,  
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.      10  
The busy candidates for power and fame  
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same  
Disabled both to combat or to fly,  
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.  
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,      15  
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.

Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,  
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;  
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,  
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.      2c  
    "This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"  
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."  
    "This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,  
    " Lies at my feet — I hiss him, and he dies."  
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,      25  
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.  
Yet, judged by those whose voices ne'er were sold,  
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;  
But confident of praise, if praise be due,  
Trusts without fear, to merit, and to you.      30

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S  
HOUSE

*Enter SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD and JARVIS*

*Sir Will.* Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity, like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

*Jarv.* I can't help being blunt, and being very

angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

*Sir Will.* Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

*Jarv.* I am sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

*Sir Will.* What signifies this affection to me? or how can I be proud of a place in a heart, where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

*Jarv.* I grant you that he is rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

*Sir Will.* Not mine, sure. My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

*Jarv.* Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever

I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always <sup>30</sup> sure he's going to play the fool.

*Sir Will.* Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving <sup>35</sup> happy.

*Jarv.* What it arises from, I don't know. But, to be sure, everybody has it that asks it.

*Sir Will.* Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of <sup>40</sup> his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

*Jarv.* And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting everybody, universal <sup>45</sup> benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

*Sir Will.* And upon that I proceed, as my last <sup>50</sup> effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has

plunged himself into real calamity: to arrest him 55  
for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and  
then let him see which of his friends will come to  
his relief.

*Jarv.* Well, if I could but any way see him  
thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be 60  
music to me; yet, faith, I believe it impossible.  
I have tried to fret him myself every morning these  
three years; but instead of being angry, he sits  
as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-  
dresser.

65

*Sir Will.* We must try him once more, how-  
ever, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme  
into execution: and I don't despair of succeeding,  
as, by your means, I can have frequent opportu-  
nities of being about him without being known. 70  
What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will  
to others should produce so much neglect of him-  
self, as to require correction! Yet we must touch  
his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are  
some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we 75  
can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating  
the virtue.

[Exit.]

*Jarv.* Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honey-  
wood. It is not without reason that the world

allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes <sup>80</sup> his hopeful nephew, — the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted — And yet, all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

*Enter HONEYWOOD*

*Honeyw.* Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning? <sup>85</sup>

*Jarv.* You have no friends.

*Honeyw.* Well; from my acquaintance then?

*Jarv.* (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the <sup>90</sup> little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

*Honeyw.* That I don't know; but I am sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to <sup>95</sup> lend it.

*Jarv.* He has lost all patience.

*Honeyw.* Then he has lost a very good thing.

*Jarv.* There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the <sup>100</sup>

Fleet. I believe they would stop his mouth for a while at least.

*Honeyw.* Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel, because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

*Jarv.* 'Sdeath! Sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself, — yourself. Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

*Honeyw.* Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

115

*Jarv.* You are the only man alive in your present situation that could do so. Everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already and upon the point of being given to your rival.

120

*Honeyw.* I'm no man's rival.

*Jarv.* Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

125

*Honeyw.* Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

*Jarv.* Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In <sup>130</sup> the fact; I caught him in the fact.

*Honeyw.* In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

*Jarv.* He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog, we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of <sup>135</sup> the family.

*Honeyw.* No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature!

*Jarv.* Very fine! well, here was the footman <sup>140</sup> just now, to complain of the butler: he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

*Honeyw.* That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

*Jarv.* Ay, it's the way with them all, from the <sup>145</sup> scullion to the privy-councillor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

*Enter BUTLER, drunk*

*Butler.* Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jona- 150  
than, you must part with him, or part with me,  
that's the ex — ex — exposition of the matter, sir.

*Honeyw.* Full and explicit enough. But what's  
his fault, good Philip?

*Butler.* Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I 155  
shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such  
company.

*Honeyw.* Ha ! ha ! he has such a diverting way —

*Jarv.* Oh, quite amusing.

*Butler.* I find my wine's a-going, sir; and liquors 160  
don't go without mouths, sir; I hate a drunkard,  
sir.

*Honeyw.* Well, well; Philip, I'll hear you upon  
that another time; so go to bed now.

*Jarv.* To bed ! let him go to the devil. 165

*Butler.* Begging your honour's pardon, and beg-  
ging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed,  
nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to  
mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker  
is below. I came on purpose to tell you. 170

*Honeyw.* Why didn't you show him up, block-  
head ?

*Butler.* Show him up, sir? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [Exit.]

*Jarv.* Ay, we have one or other of that family in <sup>175</sup> this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son, that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

*Honeyw.* Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing <sup>180</sup> my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

*Jarv.* Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would soon set all things to rights again. <sup>185</sup>

*Honeyw.* Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship — mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me <sup>190</sup> harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own. <sup>195</sup>

*Jarv.* Was ever the like? I want patience.

*Honeyw.* Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain

Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are <sup>200</sup> yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

*Jarv.* Opposite enough, Heaven knows! the very reverse of each other: she all laugh, and no joke; he always complaining, and never sorrow- <sup>205</sup> ful; a fretful, poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty —

*Honeyw.* Hush, hush! he's coming up, he'll hear you.

*Jarv.* One whose voice is a passing bell — <sup>210</sup>

*Honeyw.* Well, well; go, do.

*Jarv.* A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross-bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade — a — (*HONEYWOOD, stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.*) [Exit JARVIS. <sup>215</sup>

*Honeyw.* I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than <sup>220</sup> an undertaker's shop. — Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction —

*Enter CROAKER*

*Croak.* A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this! you look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this <sup>225</sup> weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues — I say nothing — But God send we be all better this day three months!

*Honeyw.* I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

230

*Croak.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know, at this time, no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing <sup>235</sup> Cross and Temple Bar.

*Honeyw.* The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

*Croak.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies <sup>240</sup> whom they pervert, in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

*Honeyw.* I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

245

*Croak.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly; but now-a-days, the devil a thing of their <sup>250</sup> own manufactures about them, except their faces.

*Honeyw.* But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland?

*Croak.* The best of them will never be canon-<sup>255</sup> ized for a saint when she's dead.—By the bye, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

*Honeyw.* I thought otherwise.

<sup>260</sup>

*Croak.* Ah! Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

*Honeyw.* But would not that be usurping an <sup>265</sup> authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

*Croak.* My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in the morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, <sup>270</sup>

that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

*Honeyw.* But a little spirit exerted on your side <sup>275</sup> might perhaps restore your authority.

*Croak.* No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes; but what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory. <sup>280</sup>

*Honeyw.* It's a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

*Croak.* Ah! my dear friend, these were the very <sup>285</sup> words of poor Dick Doleful to me, not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend! we loved each other for thirty <sup>290</sup> years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

*Honeyw.* Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

*Croak.* I don't know; some people were mali- <sup>295</sup>

cious enough to say it was keeping company with me, because we used to meet now and then and open our hearts to each other. To be sure, I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk: poor, dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker <sup>300</sup> rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick!

[*Going to cry.*

*Honeyw.* His fate affects me.

*Croak.* Ah! he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, <sup>305</sup> dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

*Honeyw.* To say a truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come by that which we have <sup>310</sup> past the prospect is hideous.

*Croak.* Life, at the greatest and best, is but a forward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

<sup>315</sup>

*Honeyw.* Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

*Croak.* Ah! my dear friend, it is a perfect satis-

<sup>320</sup>

faction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself. And what if I bring my last letter to the <sup>325</sup> Gazetteer, on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit — from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Ca- <sup>330</sup> nary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again.

[Exit.]

*Honeyw.* Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits <sup>335</sup> these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms, is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, — a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress, the wish, but not the power to serve them — [Pausing and sighing. <sup>340</sup>]

Enter BUTLER

*Butler.* More company below, sir; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I show them up? — but they're showing up themselves. [Exit.]

*Enter Mrs. CROAKER and Miss RICHLAND*

*Miss Rich.* You're always in such spirits.

*Mrs. Croak.* We have just come, my dear Hon-<sup>345</sup>eywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself, the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

350

*Honeyw.* Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you'll pardon me.

*Mrs. Croak.* I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning.<sup>355</sup> Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

*Miss Rich.* You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

*Mrs. Croak.* Whatever I insinuate, my dear,<sup>360</sup> don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

*Miss Rich.* I own I should be sorry Mr. Hon-eywood's long friendship and mine should be mis-understood.

*Honeyw.* There's no answering for others,<sup>365</sup> madam. But I hope you'll never find me presum-

ing to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

*Miss Rich.* And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate pro-<sup>370</sup>fessions from others.

*Honeyw.* My own sentiments, madam: friend-ship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

375

*Miss Rich.* And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested, or more capable of friend-ship than Mr. Honeywood.

*Mrs. Croak.* And, indeed, I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss <sup>380</sup>Fruzz, Miss Oddbody, and Miss Winterbottom praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! an admirer!—I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But <sup>385</sup>is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

*Honeyw.* The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it.

[*Smiling.* <sup>390</sup>]

*Mrs. Croak.* But she's resolved never to lose

it, it seems. For as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age<sup>395</sup> by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's,<sup>o</sup> and then, in the public gardens — looking, for all the world, like one of the painted ruins<sup>o</sup> of the palace.

400

*Honeyw.* Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

405

*Miss Rich.* But, then, the mortifications they must suffer, before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair dresser, when all the fault was her face.

*Honeyw.* And yet, I'll engage, has carried that<sup>410</sup> face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age from fifteen to fourscore.

*Mrs. Croak.* Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us<sup>415</sup> this morning upon a strolling party. I want to

show Olivia the town, and the things: I believe I shall have business for you the whole day.

*Honeyw.* I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to <sup>420</sup> put off.

*Mrs. Croak.* What! with my husband? Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

*Honeyw.* Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. <sup>425</sup> [Exeunt.]

Enter LEONTINE and OLIVIA

*Leont.* There they go, thoughtless and happy. <sup>430</sup> My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

*Oliv.* How, my dear Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress <sup>435</sup> me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected —

*Leont.* The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say that, being compelled by 440 a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where yours could remain without 445 censure.

*Oliv.* But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and, instead of a sister, bringing home —

450

*Leont.* One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

*Oliv.* And that, I fear, will shortly be.

*Leont.* Impossible, till we ourselves think proper 455 to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

*Oliv.* But mayn't she write, mayn't her aunt 460 write?

*Leont.* Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

*Oliv.* But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you,<sup>465</sup> create a suspicion?

*Leont.* There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.<sup>470</sup>

*Oliv.* Your heart and fortune!

*Leont.* Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force,<sup>475</sup> nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.<sup>480</sup>

*Oliv.* Mr. Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance —

*Leont.* You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming<sup>485</sup> compliance with my father's command; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

*Oliv.* Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own, I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. 49<sup>a</sup> I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps; I allow it; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart may be powerful over that of another. 49<sup>b</sup>

*Leont.* Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland<sup>o</sup>; 50<sup>c</sup> and —

*Enter CROAKER*

*Croak.* Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things! Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him 50<sup>d</sup> here.

*Leont.* Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him, too, in the next room: he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

*Croak.* Good gracious! can I believe my eyes 51<sup>e</sup> or my ears! I'm struck dumb with his vivacity,

and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! (*A laugh behind the scenes; Croaker mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes ; a plague take their balderdash ! yet<sub>515</sub> I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party.' On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

*Leont.* Since you find so many objections to a<sub>520</sub> wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me ?

*Croak.* I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money,<sub>525</sub> whatever one does in the wife.

*Leont.* But, sir, though, in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

*Croak.* I'll tell you once for all how it stands.<sub>530</sub> A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon Government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the Treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So,<sub>535</sub> if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she

accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

*Leont.* But, sir, if you will listen to reason —

*Croak.* Come, then, produce your reasons. I 540 tell you, I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason because it can then do no harm.

*Leont.* You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness. 545

*Croak.* Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice, — to marry you or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice, — to marry her, or pack out of doors, without any fortune at all. 550

*Leont.* An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

*Croak.* An only father, sir, might expect more obedience; besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as 555 you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't; for you shall have your share.

*Oliv.* Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced, that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune 560 which is taken from his.

*Croak.* Well, well, it's a good child, so say no more; but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you,—old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker,<sup>565</sup> lying in state. I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.* <sup>570</sup>

## ACT THE SECOND

### SCENE I.—CROAKER'S HOUSE

MISS RICHLAND, GARNET

*Miss Rich.* Olivia not his sister! Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

*Gar.* No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get anything from that quarter.

5

*Miss Rich.* But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

*Gar.* Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went farther than Paris; there he saw and

10

fell in love with this young lady, — by the bye, of a prodigious family.

*Miss Rich.* And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

*Gar.* Yes, and his daughter she will be. If he <sup>15</sup> don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

*Miss Rich.* Well, I own they have deceived me. — And so demurely as Olivia carried it, too! — Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my <sup>20</sup> secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

*Gar.* And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her: she was loath to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her <sup>25</sup> own.

*Miss Rich.* But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You <sup>30</sup> know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

*Gar.* Yet, what can you do? For being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam —

*Miss Rich.* How! idiot, what do you mean? <sup>35</sup>

In love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

*Gar.* That is, madam, in friendship with him: I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married; nothing more. 40

*Miss Rich.* Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them: I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance and so throw the refusal at last upon 45 them.

*Gar.* Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much 'cuteness'!

*Miss Rich.* Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves. 50

*Gar.* Then you're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference. 55

*Enter CROAKER and LEONTINE*

*Leont.* Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

*Croak.* Lord! good sir, moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had 6a changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin: Well, why don't you? Eh! What? Well, then, I must, it seems — Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair 65 which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with anything that comes recommended by you.

*Croak.* How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin, I say? [To Leontine.]

*Leont.* 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions — hem — of explaining an affair — which — himself can best explain, madam. 75

*Croak.* Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

*Leont.* The whole affair is only this, madam: my father has a proposal to make, which he insists 8c none but himself shall deliver.

*Croak.* My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. (Aside.) In short, madam,

you see before you one that loves you — one whose whole happiness is all in you.

85

*Miss Rich.* I never had any doubts of your regards, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

*Croak.* That's not the thing, my little sweeting; my love! No, no, another guess lover than I: 90 there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion — Call up a look, you dog! (*Aside.*) — But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent — 95

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

*Croak.* Himself, madam! he would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had 100 not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

*Miss Rich.* I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity. 105

*Croak.* Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother-tongue.

*Miss Rich.* And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet I <sup>110</sup> shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

*Leont.* Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from <sup>115</sup> my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you — he admires you: I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul, <sup>120</sup> I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

*Miss Rich.* If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir —

*Leont.* Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your <sup>125</sup> dear self I swear! Ask the brave if they desire glory? ask cowards if they covet safety —

*Croak.* Well, well, no more questions about it.

*Leont.* Ask the sick if they long for health; ask misers if they love money? ask — <sup>130</sup>

*Croak.* Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer?

If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

135

*Miss Rich.* Why, indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me — forces me to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr. Leontine?

*Leont.* Confusion! (*Aside.*) Oh, by no means, 140 madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

145

*Croak.* But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

*Leont.* But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

150

*Croak.* But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a round-about way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

155

*Leont.* But, sir, I must beg leave to insist —

*Croak.* Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! <sup>160</sup> But I don't wonder: the boy takes entirely after his mother. [Exeunt MISS RICHLAND and LEONTINE.

Enter MRS. CROAKER

*Mrs. Croak.* Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

*Croak.* I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear. <sup>165</sup>

*Mrs. Croak.* A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

*Croak.* And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

*Mrs. Croak.* Pooh! it's from your sister at <sup>170</sup> Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

*Croak.* What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities; but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

*Mrs. Croak.* Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it <sup>175</sup> contains.

CROAKER (*reading*)

"DEAR NICK,—An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable proposals to your daughter

Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find 180  
she has consented, without letting any of the fam-  
ily know, to crown his addresses. As such good  
offers don't come every day, your own good sense,  
his large fortune, and family considerations, will  
induce you to forgive her. 185

"Yours ever,  
"RACHAEL CROAKER."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man  
of large fortune! This is good news indeed. My  
heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how 190  
slyly the little baggage has carried it since she  
came home; not a word on't to the old ones for  
the world. Yet I thought I saw something she  
wanted to conceal.

*Mrs. Croak.* Well, if they have concealed their 195  
amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that  
shall be public, I'm resolved.

*Croak.* I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the  
most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never  
get this woman to think of the most serious part 200  
of the nuptial engagement.

*Mrs. Croak.* What, would you have me think of  
their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't

you owe more to me than you care to confess? — Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty,<sup>205</sup> who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a back-stair favourite, one that can do what he<sup>210</sup> pleases with those that do what they please? Is not he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

*Croak.* He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet, what amazes me is, that, while he is giv-<sup>215</sup>ing away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

*Mrs. Croak.* That, perhaps, may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

*Enter FRENCH SERVANT*

*Servant.* An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He<sup>220</sup> vil be vait upon your honours instammant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

*Mrs. Croak.* You see now, my dear. What an<sup>225</sup>

extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there anything ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express. [Exit FRENCH SERVANT. <sup>23a</sup>

*Croak.* To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

*Mrs. Croak.* Never mind the world, my dear; <sup>235</sup> you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect, (*a loud rapping at the door,*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

*Croak.* Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the <sup>240</sup> heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she <sup>245</sup> too may begin to despise my authority. [Exit.

*Enter LOFTY, speaking to his Servant*

*Lofty.* And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature, the Marquis, should call, I'm not

at home. Dam'me, I'll be pack-horse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a <sup>255</sup> moment — And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Croak.* Sir, this honour —

*Lofty.* And, Dubardieu! If the person calls about <sup>255</sup> the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me. — Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Croak.* Sir, this honour —

260

*Lofty.* And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say — Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. — And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. — And now, <sup>265</sup> madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient, humble servant.

*Mrs. Croak.* Sir, the happiness and honour are all <sup>270</sup> mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

*Lofty.* Sink the public, madam, when the fair

are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity <sup>275</sup> us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

*Mrs. Croak.* Excuse me, sir, "Toils of empires <sup>280</sup> pleasures are," as Waller says.

*Lofty.* Waller, Waller; is he of the House?

*Mrs. Croak.* The modern poet of that name, sir.

*Lofty.* Oh, a modern! We men of business <sup>285</sup> despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand, that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing <sup>290</sup> of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery,° a stamp act, or a jag-hire,° I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

*Mrs. Croak.* The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity. <sup>295</sup>

*Lofty.* I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two

of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to 300 bespatter me at all their little, dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as 305 mere men, any manner of harm, — that is, as mere men.

*Mrs. Croak.* What importance, and yet what modesty!

*Lofty.* Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, 310 there I own I'm accessible to praise; modesty is my foible; it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say: "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks 315 upon his legs, by the Lord, he's prodigious, — he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

*Mrs. Croak.* And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your 320 friends.

*Lofty.* Oh, there, indeed, I'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's

case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I'm not to be put off, madam. 325  
No, no, I take my friend by the button. A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That's my way, madam. 33a

*Mrs. Croak.* Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

*Lofty.* I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the Secretary. 335

*Mrs. Croak.* This was going to the fountain-head at once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

*Lofty.* Honeywood! he! he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what 34a has just happened to him?

*Mrs. Croak.* Poor dear man! no accident, I hope?

*Lofty.* Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in 345 his own house!

*Mrs. Croak.* A prisoner in his own house! How? At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him.

*Lofty.* Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured. But then, I could <sup>350</sup> never find that he had anything in him.

*Mrs. Croak.* His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

*Lofty.* It can't be concealed, madam; the man <sup>355</sup> was dull, dull as the last new comedy! a poor, impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

*Mrs. Croak.* How differently does Miss Rich-<sup>360</sup> land think of him! For, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

*Lofty.* Loves him! does she? You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see; what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present <sup>365</sup> doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I <sup>370</sup> have a regard for Miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [Exeunt.

*Enter OLIVIA and LEONTINE*

*Leont.* And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did 375 everything in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

*Oliv.* Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive. 380

*Leont.* But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

*Oliv.* Let us now rather consider what is to be 385 done. We have both dissembled too long.—I have always been ashamed—I am now quite weary of it. Sure, I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

*Leont.* And you shall find my gratitude equal 390 to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

*Oliv.* Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? 395 I may be the favourite of your father, it is true;

but can it ever be thought that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

*Leont.* I have many reasons to believe it will. As <sup>400</sup> his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from <sup>405</sup> him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

*Oliv.* Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

*Leont.* However it be, I'm certain you have <sup>410</sup> power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

*Oliv.* You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which <sup>415</sup> you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

*Leont.* And that's the best reason for trying another.

*Oliv.* If it must be so, I submit.

*Leont.* As we could wish, he comes this way. <sup>420</sup> Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just re-

tire within hearing, to come in at a proper time,  
either to share your danger, or confirm your vic-  
tory.

[Exit.]

*Enter CROAKER*

*Croak.* Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not <sup>425</sup> too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

*Oliv.* How I tremble to approach him! Might I presume, sir, — if I interrupt you — <sup>430</sup>

*Croak.* No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

*Oliv.* Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality; yet, Heaven knows, <sup>435</sup> there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

*Croak.* And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive anything, unless it were a very great <sup>440</sup> offence indeed.

*Oliv.* But mine is such an offence — When you know my guilt — Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

*Croak.* Why, then, if it be so very great a pain,<sup>445</sup> you may spare yourself the trouble; for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

*Oliv.* Indeed! then I'm undone.

*Croak.* Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you! But I'm<sup>450</sup> not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children! No, I'm nobody! I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china, to be stuck<sup>455</sup> up in a corner.

*Oliv.* Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

*Croak.* No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in its mouth till there comes a thaw — It goes to my heart to vex her.  
[Aside.

*Oliv.* I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask<sup>465</sup> it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

*Croak.* And yet you should not despair, neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

*Oliv.* And do you permit me to hope, sir? <sup>470</sup>  
Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has  
too long deceived me.

*Croak.* Why then, child, it shan't deceive you  
now, for I forgive you this very moment; I for-  
give you all; and now you are indeed my daugh- <sup>475</sup>  
ter.

*Oliv.* Oh, transport! this kindness overpowers  
me.

*Croak.* I was always against severity to our  
children. We have been young and giddy our- <sup>480</sup>  
selves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be  
old before their time.

*Oliv.* What generosity! But can you forget  
the many falsehoods, the dissimulation —

*Croak.* You did indeed dissemble, you urchin, <sup>485</sup>  
you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for  
a husband? My wife and I had never been mar-  
ried, if we had not dissembled a little before-  
hand.

*Oliv.* It shall be my future care never to put <sup>490</sup>  
such generosity to a second trial. And as for the  
partner of my offence and folly, from his native  
honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I  
can answer for him that —

*Enter LEONTINE*

*Leont.* Permit him thus to answer for himself. 495  
(Kneeling.) Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling 500 blessing.

*Croak.* And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion. 505

*Leont.* How, sir! is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned? 510

*Croak.* Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all this morning! 515

*Leont.* But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? Is

the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying Olivia so small a blessing?

*Croak.* Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia!  
marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of  
his senses. His own sister!

*Leont.* My sister!

*Oliv.* Sister! how have I been mistaken!

525

[*Aside.*]

*Leont.* Some cursed mistake in all this I find.

[*Aside.*]

*Croak.* What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you block-head, you?

*Leont.* Mean, sir — why, sir — only when 530  
my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; that is, of giving her away, sir — I have made a point of it.

*Croak.* Oh, is that all? Give her away. You 535  
have made a point of it? Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter 540

now? I thought I had made you, at least, as happy as you could wish.

*Oliv.* Oh, yes, sir; very happy.

*Croak.* Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be 545 foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing. [Exit.

LEONTINE and OLIVIA

*Oliv.* What can it mean?

*Leont.* He knows something, and yet, for my life, I can't tell what. 550

*Oliv.* It can't be the connection between us, I'm pretty certain.

*Leont.* Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste and prepare for our journey to 555 Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasiness, he 560 will at least share them. [Exeunt.

## ACT THE THIRD

## SCENE I.—YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S HOUSE

BAILIFF, HONEYWOOD, FOLLOWER

*Bail.* Lookye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither: men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself. 5

*Honeyw.* Without all question, Mr.—I forget your name, sir.

*Bail.* How can you forget what you never knew? he! he! he!

*Honeyw.* May I beg leave to ask your name? 10

*Bail.* Yes, you may.

*Honeyw.* Then, pray, sir, what is your name?

*Bail.* That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones; as we say among us that practise the law. 15

*Honeyw.* You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

*Bail.* The law does nothing without reason.

I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, <sup>20</sup> that I should prove my name — But come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

*Honeyw.* Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's <sup>25</sup> all.

*Bail.* Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself? <sup>30</sup>

*Honeyw.* But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*). The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; <sup>35</sup> but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me, till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

*Bail.* Oh! that's another maxum, and alto- <sup>40</sup> gether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

*Honeyw.* Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one.

45

[*Gives him money.*]

*Bail.* Oh! your honour; I hope your honóur takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

50

*Honeyw.* Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

*Bail.* Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a — but no matter for that.

55

*Honeyw.* Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

60

*Bail.* Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say, that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and

65

four children — a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him an humanity myself, I must beg <sup>70</sup> you'll do it for me.

*Honeyw.* I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation.

*[Giving money to the follower.]*

*Bail.* Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business; <sup>75</sup> we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes. — Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in <sup>80</sup> clothes. Smoke<sup>o</sup> the pocket-holes.

*Honeyw.* Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* Sir, Miss Richland is below.

*Honeyw.* How unlucky! Detain her a mo- <sup>85</sup> ment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes — quick — the brown and silver — Do you hear?

*Serv.* That your honour gave away to the beg- 9c  
ging gentleman that makes verses, because it was  
as good as new.

*Honeyw.* The white and gold, then.

*Serv.* That, your honour, I made bold to sell,  
because it was good for nothing. 95

*Honeyw.* Well, the first that comes to hand,  
then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan  
would look best in blue. [Exit FLANIGAN.]

*Bail.* Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look  
well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that 100  
bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in  
love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the  
four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like  
a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of  
the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, 105  
when I took him to follow me. (Re-enter FLANI-  
GAN.) Heh! ecod, I think he looks so well, that  
I don't care if I have a suit from the same place  
for myself.

*Honeyw.* Well, well, I hear the lady coming. 110  
Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend di-  
rections not to speak. As for yourself, I know  
you will say nothing without being directed.

*Bail.* Never you fear me; I'll show the lady I

have something to say for myself, as well as another. One man has one way of talking, another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

*Enter Miss RICHLAND and her MAID*

*Miss Rich.* You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

*Honeyw.* Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

*Miss Rich.* Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so.

[*Aside.*]

*Bail.* (*After a pause.*) Pretty weather; very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

*Follower.* Very good circuit weather in the country.

*Honeyw.* You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The

fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

*Miss Rich.* Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

*Honeyw.* Why, madam, they do — occasionally serve in the fleet, madam. A dangerous service!

*Miss Rich.* I'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

*Honeyw.* I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our sailors have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst<sup>145</sup> could do no more.

*Miss Rich.* I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

*Honeyw.* We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten-to one, but the dull-est writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

*Follower.* Damn the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them!

*Miss Rich.* Sir:

*Honeyw.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! honest Mr. Flanigan ! A true English officer, madam ; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

*Miss Rich.* Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

*Bail.* Taste us ! By the Lord, madam, they devour us ! Give Monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyfull.

*Miss Rich.* Very extraordinary this !

*Follower.* But very true. What makes the bread rising ? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound ? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer three-pence-halfpenny a pot ? —

*Honeyw.* Ah ! the vulgar rogues ; all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

*Miss Rich.* Though I don't see the force of the

parallel, yet I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

*Bail.* That's all my eye. The King only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case —

*Honeyw.* I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

*Bail.* By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for set in case —

*Honeyw.* I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

*Follower.* Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know —

*Honeyw.* Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke forever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

*Bail.* As for the matter of that, mayhap —

*Honeyw.* Nay, sir, give me leave, in this instance, to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must

shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

*Bail.* Justice! Oh, by the elevens! if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in <sup>215</sup> a course of law —

*Honeyw.* My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at, perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of <sup>220</sup> his course of law.

*Miss Rich.* I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

*Bail.* Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I <sup>225</sup> will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing —

*Honeyw.* Oh! curse your explanations! [Aside.]

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak <sup>230</sup> with you upon earnest business.

*Honeyw.* That's lucky. (Aside.) Dear madam,

you'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

*Bail.* Before and behind, you know.

*Follower.* Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, and FOLLOWER.*]

*Miss Rich.* What can all this mean, Garnet?

*Gar.* Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam.

*Miss Rich.* Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there is something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

*Gar.* And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them..

*Enter SIR WILLIAM*

*Sir Will.* For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find, that among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me? I'll endeavour to sound her affections. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

*Miss Rich.* The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

*Sir Will.* Partly, madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprized of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

*Miss Rich.* It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure his

tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, <sup>28a</sup> may atone for many faults.

*Sir Will.* That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend <sup>285</sup> most to this universal benevolence are either deceivers or dupes,—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all; or men, who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than <sup>290</sup> of useful virtues.

*Miss Rich.* I am surprised, sir, to hear one, who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

*Sir Will.* Whatever I have gained by folly, <sup>295</sup> madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

*Miss Rich.* Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, per-<sup>300</sup> haps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

*Sir Will.* Thou amiable woman! I can no

longer contain the expressions of my gratitude, my 30;  
pleasure. You see before you one who has been  
equally careful of his interest; one who has for  
some time been a concealed spectator of his follies,  
and only punished in hopes to reclaim them,—  
his uncle !

310

*Miss Rich.* Sir William Honeywood ! You  
amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion ?  
I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in  
my services. I confess I —

*Sir Will.* Don't make any apologies, madam. 315  
I only find myself unable to repay the obligation.  
And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to  
serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had  
some demands upon Government, I have, though  
unasked, been your solicitor there.

320

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your  
intentions. But my guardian has employed an-  
other gentleman, who assures him of success.

*Sir Will.* Who, the important little man that  
visits here ? Trust me, madam, he's quite con- 325  
temptible among men in power, and utterly unable  
to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much bet-  
ter known to people of fashion than his person, I  
assure you.

*Miss Rich.* How have we been deceived ! As <sup>330</sup> sure as can be, here he comes.

*Sir Will.* Does he ? Remember, I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters !

335

*Enter LOFTY*

*Lofty.* Let the chariot — let my chariot drive off ; I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me ! Punctual as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have <sup>340</sup> shown everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

*Miss Rich.* I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, what can a private <sup>345</sup> man like me do ? One man can't do everything ; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see, something considerable might be done for him by subscription ; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace <sup>350</sup> of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower House, at my own peril.

*Sir Will.* And, after all, it's more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

355

*Lofty.* Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was impracticable.

360

*Sir Will.* His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

*Lofty.* Meaning me, sir? — Yes, madam, as I often said, My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family: but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

*Miss Rich.* I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment: he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

*Lofty.* Why, yes, madam; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

*Miss Rich.* Pray, sir, what was it?

375

*Lofty.* Why, madam, — but let it go no further, — it was I procured him his place.

*Sir Will.* Did you, sir?

*Lofty.* Either you or I, sir.

*Miss Rich.* This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind, in- 38a  
deed.

*Lofty.* I did love him, to be sure; he had some  
amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a toast  
master to a club, or had a better head.

*Miss Rich.* A better head? 385

*Lofty.* Ay, at a bottle. To be sure he was as  
dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful,  
very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of  
faults.

*Sir Will.* He might have reason, perhaps. His 390  
place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

*Lofty.* A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of  
business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill  
up a greater.

*Sir Will.* Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? 395  
I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir?

*Lofty.* Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment;  
but then he wanted a something — a consequence  
of form — a kind of a — I believe the lady per-  
ceives my meaning. 400

*Miss Rich.* Oh, perfectly; you courtiers can do  
anything, I see.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose<sup>405</sup> you the First Lord of the Treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

410

*Sir Will.* A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) — Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he is arrived from Italy: I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he<sup>415</sup> does me, and you may depend on my information.

*Lofty.* (*Aside.*) The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted.

*Sir Will.* He is certainly returned; and as this<sup>420</sup> gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him: there are some papers relative to your affairs that require despatch, and his inspection.

*Miss Rich.* This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person<sup>425</sup> employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

43c

*Sir Will.* That would be quite unnecessary.

*Lofty.* Well, we must introduce you, then. Call upon me — let me see — ay, in two days.

*Sir Will.* Now, or the opportunity will be lost forever.

435

*Lofty.* Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate: my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend — another time —

*Sir Will.* A short letter to Sir William will do.

440

*Lofty.* You shall have it; yet in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

*Sir Will.* The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

*Lofty.* Zounds! sir, do you pretend to direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? who am I?

445

*Miss Rich.* Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands — but you despise my power.

45a

*Lofty.* Delicate creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight: to a power so

constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquility. He shall have a letter; where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest I don't like this<sup>455</sup> way of doing business. I think if I first spoke to Sir William — but you will have it so.

[*Exit with Miss RICHLAND.*

*Sir Will.* (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy<sup>460</sup> efforts to exalt serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview; exposing this fellow's impudence to the<sup>465</sup> contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself. (*Enter JARVIS.*) How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew?

*Jarv.* At his wit's end, I believe: he's scarce<sup>470</sup> gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

*Sir Will.* How so?

*Jarv.* The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging tooth and<sup>475</sup> nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a

clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

*Sir Will.* Ever busy to serve others.

*Jarv.* Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

*Sir Will.* Money! how is he able to supply others who has scarce any for himself? 485

*Jarv.* Why, there it is: he has no money, that's true, but then, as he never said *No* to any request in his life, he has given them a bill, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am 49c to go with them to Scotland myself.

*Sir Will.* How?

*Jarv.* It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception, when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

*Sir Will.* To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis. 500

*Jarv.* Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

*Sir Will.* Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much <sup>so</sup> of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But, come, the letter <sup>sc</sup> I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you farther into my intentions in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE FOURTH

### SCENE I.—CROAKER'S HOUSE

*Enter Lofty*

*Lofty.* Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse <sup>5</sup> it, of late I have given away the whole Court Reg-

ister in less time than they could print the title-page; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha! Honeywood here before me. <sup>10</sup> Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

*Enter HONEYWOOD*

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to <sup>15</sup> say what I intended doing.

*Honeyw.* It was unfortunate, indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor. <sup>20</sup>

*Lofty.* How! not know the friend that served you?

*Honeyw.* Can't guess at the person.

*Lofty.* Inquire.

*Honeyw.* I have; but all I can learn is, that he <sup>25</sup> chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

*Lofty.* Must be fruitless?

*Honeyw.* Absolutely fruitless.

*Lofty.* Sure of that?

30

*Honeyw.* Very sure.

*Lofty.* Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

*Honeyw.* How, sir!

*Lofty.* I suppose, now, Mr. Honeywood, you 35 think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

*Honeyw.* The world, by what I learn, is no 40 stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

*Lofty.* To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that 45 I never yet patronized a man of merit.

*Honeyw.* I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

*Lofty.* Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear 50 from myself.

*Honeyw.* Ha! dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

*Lofty.* Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer <sup>55</sup> them.

*Honeyw.* I will ask no further. My friend! my benefactor! it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worshiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, <sup>60</sup> but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

*Lofty.* I protest I do not understand all this, Mr. Honeywood: you treat me very cavalierly. I do assure you, sir. — Blood, sir, can't a man be <sup>65</sup> permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings, without all this parade?

*Honeyw.* Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it. <sup>70</sup>

*Lofty.* Confess it, sir! Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance <sup>75</sup>

between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar — indeed we must.

80

*Honeyw.* Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

*Lofty.* A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You 85 shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

*Honeyw.* How! teach me the manner. Is there any way?

*Lofty.* From this moment you're mine. Yes; 90 friend, you shall know it — I'm in love.

*Honeyw.* And can I assist you?

*Lofty.* Nobody so well.

*Honeyw.* In what manner? I'm all impatience.

*Lofty.* You shall make love for me.

95

*Honeyw.* And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

*Lofty.* To a lady with whom you have a great interest, I assure you. Miss Richland.

*Honeyw.* Miss Richland!

100

*Lofty.* Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter!

*Honeyw.* Heavens! was ever anything more unfortunate! It is too much to be endured. 105

*Lofty.* Unfortunate, indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

*Honeyw.* Indeed! But do you know the person you apply to? 110

*Lofty.* Yes, I know you are her friend and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, 115 that if at any time my little interest can be of service, — but, hang it, I'll make no promises, — you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered. It shall be so. [Exit. 120]

*Honeyw.* Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion! But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship; a 125 hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love that has been my tormentor; a friend that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be

so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour.<sup>130</sup> And yet to see her in the possession of another! — Insupportable! But then to betray a generous, trusting friend! — Worse, worse! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must<sup>135</sup> forever despair of finding my own.

[Exit.]

*Enter OLIVIA and GARNET, who carries a milliner's box*

*Oliv.* Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

*Gar.* Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him<sup>140</sup> say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

*Oliv.* To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!<sup>145</sup>

*Gar.* I'll lay my life, Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time, from his inn; and here you are left behind.

*Oliv.* Well, let us be prepared for his coming,

however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, 150  
Garnet?

*Gar.* Not a stick, madam — all's here. Yet I  
wish you could take the white and silver to be mar-  
ried in. It's the worst luck in the world in any-  
thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our 155  
town, that was married in red; and, as sure as  
eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff  
before morning.

*Oliv.* No matter, I'm all impatience till we are  
out of the house. 160

*Gar.* Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the  
wedding ring! — The sweet little thing — I don't  
think it would go on my little finger. And what  
if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of neces-  
sity, madam? But here's Jarvis. 165

*Enter JARVIS*

*Oliv.* O Jarvis, are you come at last? We have  
been ready this half hour. Now let's be going.  
Let us fly!

*Jarv.* Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no go-  
ing to Scotland this bout, I fancy. 170

*Oliv.* How! what's the matter?

*Jarv.* Money, money, is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; <sup>175</sup> Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

*Oliv.* Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

*Jarv.* Go to Scotland without money! To <sup>180</sup> Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork-jacket.

*Oliv.* Such a disappointment! What a base, insincere man was your master, to serve us in this <sup>185</sup> manner. Is this his good-nature?

*Jarv.* Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam; I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

*Gar.* Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you <sup>190</sup> need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

*Oliv.* Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write im- <sup>195</sup> mediately. How's this! Bless me, my hand

trembles so I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

*Gar.* Truly, madam, I write and indite but <sup>200</sup> poorly. I never was 'cute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

*Oliv.* Whatever you please.

*Gar.* (*Writing.*) "Muster Croaker" — Twenty <sup>205</sup> guineas, madam?

*Oliv.* Ay, twenty will do.

*Gar.* "At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition — Will be blown up — All of a flame — Quick despatch — Cupid, the little god of love." <sup>210</sup> — I conclude it, madam, with Cupid: I love to see a love letter end like poetry.

*Oliv.* Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family. <sup>215</sup>

*Gar.* Odso, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do anything for me.

*Jarv.* He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times <sup>220</sup> a-day.

*Oliv.* No matter. Fly, Garnet; any body we can trust will do. [Exit GARNET:] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us; you may take up the things, and carry them on to the <sup>225</sup> inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

*Jarv.* Soft and fair, young lady. You that are going to be married think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, <sup>230</sup> madam.

*Oliv.* Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again —

*Jarv.* My life for it, you would do them ten times over. <sup>235</sup>

*Oliv.* Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me —

*Jarv.* Very unhappy, no doubt; I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that — <sup>240</sup>

*Oliv.* A story! when I am all impatience to be away! Was there ever such a dilatory creature! —

*Jarv.* Well, madam, if we must march, why, we will march, that's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have <sup>245</sup> still forgot one thing we should never travel with-

out — a case of good razors, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter; I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [Going.

*Enter GARNET*

*Gar.* Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr. Jar-<sup>250</sup>vis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall. <sup>255</sup>

*Oliv.* Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

*Gar.* No, madam; don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure, he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O <sup>260</sup> lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors.

*Oliv.* Then let us leave the house this instant for fear he should ask farther questions. In the mean time, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [Exeunt. <sup>265</sup>

*Enter CROAKER*

*Croak.* Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only

at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is — an incendiary letter<sup>o</sup> dropped at my door. <sup>27a</sup> “To Muster Croaker, these with speed.” Ay, ay, plain enough the direction; all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. “With speed.” Oh, confound your speed! But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) “Muster <sup>275</sup> Croaker, as sone as yow see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for, or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up.” Ah, but too plain! Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! <sup>28a</sup> Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? (*Reads.*) “Our pockets are low, and money we must have.” Ay, there’s the reason; they’ll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) “It is but a short time <sup>285</sup> you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame.” Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us? The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) “Make quick despatch, and so no more <sup>29a</sup> at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go.” The little god of

love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether <sup>295</sup> I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all <sup>300</sup> burnt in our beds!

*Enter Miss RICHLAND*

*Miss Rich.* Lord, sir, what's the matter?

*Croak.* Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

*Miss Rich.* I hope not, sir. <sup>305</sup>

*Croak.* What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible <sup>310</sup> crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

*Miss Rich.* But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes,

famines, plagues, and mad dogs from year's end <sup>315</sup> to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

<sup>320</sup>

*Croak.* And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles be- <sup>325</sup> low; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity.

[Exit. <sup>330</sup>]

*Miss Rich.* (*Alone.*) What can he mean by all this? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather, what means this <sup>335</sup> palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever showed anything in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to — but he's here.

*Enter HONEYWOOD*

*Honeyw.* I presumed to solicit this interview, <sup>340</sup> madam, before I left town, to be permitted —

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! Leaving town, sir?

*Honeyw.* Yes, madam, perhaps the kingdom.. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview — in order to disclose something which our <sup>345</sup> long friendship prompts. And yet my fears —

*Miss Rich.* His fears! What are his fears to mine! (*Aside.*) — We have, indeed, been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's. — Do <sup>350</sup> you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

*Honeyw.* Perfectly, madam; I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company that the colouring <sup>355</sup> was all from nature.

*Miss Rich.* And yet you only meant it in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner, you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, <sup>360</sup> because you saw nobody else would take her out.

*Honeyw.* Yes; and was rewarded the next

night by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom everybody wished to take out.

365

*Miss Rich.* Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally show to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

*Honeyw.* The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious, flattered beauty; I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

*Miss Rich.* This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lessons have taught me to despise.

*Honeyw.* I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

*Miss Rich.* Sir! I beg you'd reflect: though I fear I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours; yet, you may be precipitate: con-<sup>390</sup>sider, sir.

*Honeyw.* I own my rashness; but, as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves — don't be alarmed, madam — who loves you with the most ardent passion, whose whole happiness is placed in you —<sup>395</sup>

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

*Honeyw.* Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself<sup>400</sup> to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

*Miss Rich.* Well; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and, I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was<sup>405</sup> but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

*Honeyw.* I see she always loved him. (*Aside.*) — I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend to be<sup>410</sup> the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it!

*Miss Rich.* Your friend, sir! what friend?

*Honeyw.* My best friend — my friend Mr. Lofty, madam.

415

*Miss Rich.* He, sir!

*Honeyw.* Yes, he, madam! He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him; and to his other qualities he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

420

*Miss Rich.* Amazement! — No more of this, I beg you, sir.

*Honeyw.* I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And, since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

*Miss Rich.* By no means.

*Honeyw.* Excuse me, I must; I know you desire it.

*Miss Rich.* Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, 430 that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must 435 disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself.

[Exit.]

*Honeyw.* How is this? she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach my- 440 self with? No; I believe not: yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person: I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

*Enter CROAKER, with the letter in his hand, and MRS. CROAKER*

*Mrs. Croak.* Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, 445 it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? Ha! ha!

*Croak.* (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation? 450

*Mrs. Croak.* Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air, like the house of Loretto,<sup>o</sup> for aught I care, if I'm to be miserable in it.

*Croak.* Would to Heaven it were converted into 455 a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not everything to alarm us? Perhaps, this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

*Mrs. Croak.* Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money<sup>460</sup> they want, and have done with them.

*Croak.* Give them my money! — And pray, what right have they to my money?

*Mrs. Croak.* And pray, what right, then, have you to my good-humour?

*Croak.* And so your good-humour advises me to part with my money? Why, then, to tell your good-humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood; see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this<sup>470</sup> incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey can read it — can read it, and laugh!

*Mrs. Croak.* Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

*Croak.* If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the<sup>475</sup> next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

*Mrs. Croak.* Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there anything more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

*Honeyw.* It would not become me to decide,<sup>480</sup> madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

*Mrs. Croak.* I told you, he'd be of my opinion.

*Croak.* How, sir! Do you maintain that I<sup>485</sup> should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my tears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

*Honeyw.* Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The<sup>490</sup> surest way to have redress is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

*Croak.* Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

*Mrs. Croak.* But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way? 495

*Honeyw.* What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

*Croak.* But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-cham-<sup>500</sup>ber.

*Honeyw.* Why, sir, as to the best, that — that's a very wise way too.

*Mrs. Croak.* But can anything be more absurd, than to double our distress by our apprehensions,<sup>505</sup> and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

*Honeyw.* Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

*Croak.* How! would it not be more absurd to <sup>51c</sup> despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

*Honeyw.* Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

*Croak.* Then you are of my opinion?

*Honeyw.* Entirely.

*Mrs. Croak.* And you reject mine? <sup>515</sup>

*Honeyw.* Heavens forbid, madam! No, sure, no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice, if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol. <sup>520</sup>

*Mrs. Croak.* Oh! then you think I'm quite right?

*Honeyw.* Perfectly right.

*Croak.* A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be <sup>525</sup> off.

*Mrs. Croak.* Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

*Honeyw.* And why may not both be right, <sup>530</sup> madam? Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event in good-humour? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have

it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be indeed an <sup>535</sup> incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and, when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

*Croak.* My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall <sup>540</sup> plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

*Honeyw.* Yes; but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

*Croak.* (*Ironically.*) Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose?

*Honeyw.* Ay, but not punish him too rigidly. <sup>550</sup>

*Croak.* Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

*Honeyw.* Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt HONEYWOOD and MRS. CROAKER.* <sup>55</sup>

*Croak.* Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

## ACT THE FIFTH

## SCENE I.—AN INN

*Enter OLIVIA and JARVIS*

*Oliv.* Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready —

*Jarv.* The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

*Oliv.* You are forever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

*Jarv.* Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

*Oliv.* What way?

*Jarv.* The way home again.

*Oliv.* Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

*Jarv.* Ay; resolutions are well kept, when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten

things without. And I'll call, too, at the bar to see if anything should be left for us there. Don't <sup>20</sup> be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you.

[Exit.]

*Enter LANDLADY*

*Land.* What! Solomon, why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The <sup>25</sup> Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, madam?

*Oliv.* No, madam.

*Land.* I find as you are for Scotland, madam.—But that's no business of mine; married, or not <sup>30</sup> married, I ask no questions. To be sure, we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

*Oliv.* But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

*Land.* May be not. That's no business of <sup>40</sup>

mine for certain Scotch marriages seldom turn out well. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman.— Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-lane.

45

*Oliv.* (*Aside.*) A very pretty picture of what lies before me.

*Enter LEONTINE*

*Leont.* My dear Olivia, my anxiety, till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though 50 it exposes us to a discovery.

*Oliv.* May everything you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have 55 been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

*Leont.* How! an offer of his own too! Sure, he could not mean to deceive us?

*Oliv.* Depend upon his sincerity; he only mis-took the desire for the power of serving us. But 60 let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

*Land.* Not quite yet; and begging your lady-

ship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a 65 cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimblefull to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both 70 away as good-natured — Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and drive away, postboy was the word.

*Enter CROAKER*

*Croak.* Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my 75 business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look, for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here? 80

*Land.* I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north road. It's a raw night, madam. — Sir —

*Leont.* Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the 85 horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

*Land.* That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there! Wha, Solomon, I say!

[Exit, bawling.

*Oliv.* Well; I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance. — Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions. 90

*Leont.* There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey. 95

*Oliv.* I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desire to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. 100 A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a reason.

*Leont.* Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great 105 reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement. 110

Oliv. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croak. (*Discovering himself.*) How does he look now? — How does he look now? 115

Oliv. Ah!

Leont. Undone!

Croak. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours! What, you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before. 120

Leont. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information. 125

Croak. I want no information from you, puppy; and you, too, good madam, what answer have you got? Eh! (*A cry without, "Stop him."*) I think 130 I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without — has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on't.

Leont. Honeywood without! Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither? 135

*Croak.* No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

*Leont.* Is it possible?

*Croak.* Possible! Why, he's in the house now, sir; more anxious about me than my own son, sir.<sup>140</sup>

*Leont.* Then, sir, he's a villain.

*Croak.* How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.<sup>145</sup>

*Leont.* I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

*Croak.* Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (A<sup>150</sup> cry without, "*Stop him.*") Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary, in view. Stop him! stop an incendiary! a murderer! stop him! [Exit.]

*Oliv.* Oh, my terrors! What can this new tumult mean?<sup>155</sup>

*Leont.* Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

*Oliv.* It must not be, my Leontine, if you value<sup>160</sup>

my esteem, or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes — Consider that our innocence will shortly be all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

*Leont.* Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us; promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

170

*Oliv.* Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

*Enter Postboy, dragging in JARVIS; HONEYWOOD entering soon after*

*Postboy.* Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the 175 money at the bar, and then run for it.

*Honeyw.* Come, bring him along. Let us see him! Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

180

*Jarv.* Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I

was an old fool, and that you are my master —  
that's all.

*Honeyw.* Confusion!

*Leont.* Yes, sir, I find you have kept your <sup>185</sup> word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured?

*Honeyw.* My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour — <sup>190</sup>

*Leont.* Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

*Honeyw.* Why, won't you hear me? By all that's just, I knew not — <sup>195</sup>

*Leont.* Hear you, sir! to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request; your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, <sup>200</sup> have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

*Honeyw.* Ha! contemptible to the world! that reaches me. [Aside.

*Leont.* All the seeming sincerity of your pro- <sup>205</sup> fessions, I now find were only allurements to

betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequence, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw villain!

*Enter CROAKER, out of breath*

*Croak.* Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*Seizing the Postboy.*) Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

*Postboy.* Zounds! master, what do you throttle me for?

*Croak.* (*Beating him.*) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

*Postboy.* Zounds! master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

*Croak.* How!

*Honeyw.* Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

*Croak.* And I say, sir, that you're in error; for there's guilt and double guilt, a plot, a damned jesuitical, pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

*Honeyw.* Do but hear me.

*Croak.* What, you intend to bring 'em off, I<sup>230</sup> suppose? I'll hear nothing.

*Honeyw.* Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

*Oliv.* Excuse me.

*Honeyw.* Good Jarvis, let me then explain it<sup>235</sup> to you.

*Jarv.* What signifies explanations when the thing is done?

*Honeyw.* Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and<sup>240</sup> prejudice? (*To the Postboy.*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you —

*Postboy.* Sure me nothing — I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

<sup>245</sup>

*Croak.* Come then, you, madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

*Oliv.* Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, sir, one that<sup>25</sup> with false pretences has stept into your family to betray it; not your daughter —

*Croak.* Not my daughter!

Oliv. Not your daughter — but a mean de-  
ceiver — who — support me, I cannot — 255

Honeyw. Help, she's going: give her air.

Croak. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the  
air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose  
ever daughter she may be — not so bad as that  
neither. [Exit all but CROAKER. 260]

Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair:  
my son is either married, or going to be so, to this  
lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay  
certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so  
much as one might think. There's the advantage 265  
of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand, we  
never feel them when they come.

*Enter Miss RICHLAND and SIR WILLIAM*

Sir Will. But how do you know, madam, that  
my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Rich. My maid assured me he was come 270  
to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intend-  
ing to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But  
what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who,  
my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here?  
To what accident do we owe this pleasure? 275

*Croak.* To a fool, I believe.

*Miss Rich.* But to what purpose did you come?

*Croak.* To play the fool.

*Miss Rich.* But with whom?

*Croak.* With greater fools than myself.

280

*Miss Rich.* Explain.

*Croak.* Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here: so now you are as wise as I am.

285

*Miss Rich.* Married! to whom, sir?

*Croak.* To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

*Sir Will.* Then, sir, I can inform you; and, 290 though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough, at present, to assure you, that both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville —

295

*Croak.* Sir James Woodville! What, of the West?

*Sir Will.* Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent to France,

300

under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate <sup>305</sup> her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stept in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

*Croak.* But I intend to have a daughter of my <sup>310</sup> own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, sir?

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir: and know that you are de-<sup>315</sup>ceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you.

[CROAKER and SIR WILLIAM seem to confer.

*Enter HONEYWOOD*

*Honeyw.* Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How <sup>320</sup> have I sunk by too great an assiduity to please!

How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the probation of a single fool should escape me ! But all is now over: I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains <sup>325</sup> henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

*Miss Rich.* Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends ? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be ?

330

*Honeyw.* Yes, madam ; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and gen- <sup>335</sup> erosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

*Miss Rich.* And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him ?

*Honeyw.* I have the best assurances of it — his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest <sup>340</sup> happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude ? What hope, but in being forgotten ?

345

*Miss Rich.* A thousand ! to live among friends

that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

*Honeyw.* No, madam, my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over; it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

360

*Miss Rich.* You amaze me!

*Honeyw.* But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of — never mentioning it more. [Going.

365

*Miss Rich.* Stay, sir, one moment — Ha! he here —

*Enter LOFTY*

*Lofty.* Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of in-

telligence; but it goes no farther; things are not <sup>370</sup> yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than — a thousand years. Mum!

*Miss Rich.* Sooner, sir, I should hope.

375

*Lofty.* Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies — eh, Honeywood?

*Miss Rich.* It has fallen into yours.

380

*Lofty.* Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say, that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

385

*Honeyw.* But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

*Lofty.* Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

390

*Miss Rich.* He! why, Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

*Lofty.* This month! it must certainly be so — Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket,

so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli<sup>o</sup> of Corsica, that from the Marquis of Squilachi.<sup>o</sup> — Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski,<sup>o</sup> now King of Poland? — Honest Pon — (*Searching.*) Oh, sir, what, are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

405

*Sir Will.* Sir, I have delivered it; and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

*Croak.* Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

410

*Lofty.* Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir; I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the ante-chamber, after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

*Lofty.* Good! let me die; very good. Ha! ha! ha!

*Croak.* Now, for my life, I can't find out half<sup>420</sup> the goodness of it.

*Lofty.* You can't? Ha! ha!

*Croak.* No, for the soul of me: I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.<sup>425</sup>

*Lofty.* And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha! ha! it was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha!

*Croak.* Indeed! How? why?

43a

*Lofty.* In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

435

*Croak.* And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

*Lofty.* Your suspicions! What, then you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends, we are<sup>440</sup> friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

*Croak.* As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

*Lofty.* Zounds! sir, but I am discomposed, and 445 will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the *Gazetteer*,<sup>o</sup> and praised in the *St. James's*?; have I been chaired at Wildman's,<sup>o</sup> and a speaker at 450 Merchant Tailors' Hall; have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects?

*Croak.* My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

455

*Lofty.* Sir, I will not be pacified — Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the Lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects! Who 460 am I, I say, who am I?

*Sir Will.* Since you are so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are. A gentleman as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion 465 as with modesty; with Lords of the Treasury as with truth; and with all as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

(Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.)

*Croak.* Sir William Honeywood!

*Honeyw.* Astonishment! my uncle! (*Aside.*) 470

*Lofty.* So, then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

*Croak.* What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been 475 dreaded by the ins and outs; you who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops? If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

*Lofty.* Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the 480 Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

*Sir Will.* Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his 485 influence.

*Croak.* Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to 490 be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better.

•

*Sir Will.* I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon <sup>495</sup> and consent.

*Enter MRS. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, and OLIVIA.*

*Mrs. Croak.* Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, <sup>500</sup> you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

*Croak.* I wish we could both say so. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. <sup>505</sup> So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. [Joining their hands.]

*Leont.* How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our <sup>510</sup> future obedience shall be the best reply. And, as for this gentleman, to whom we owe —

*Sir Will.* Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me.

(Turning to Honeywood.) Yes, sir, you are surprised 515  
to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting  
your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation  
the errors of a mind that only sought applause  
from others; that easiness of disposition which,  
though inclined to the right, had not the courage 520  
to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those  
splendid errors, that still took name from some  
neighbouring duty; your charity, that was but  
injustice; your benevolence, that was but weak-  
ness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw 525  
with regret great talents and extensive learning  
only employed to add sprightliness to error and  
increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with  
a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of  
its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its 530  
prostitution.

*Honeyw.* Cease to upbraid me, sir; I have for  
some time but too strongly felt the justice of your  
reproaches. But there is one way still left me.  
Yes, sir, I have determined this very hour to quit 535  
forever a place where I have made myself the vol-  
untary slave of all, and to seek among strangers  
that fortitude which may give strength to the mind,  
and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere

I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentle-<sup>540</sup> man who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty —

*Lofty.* Mr. Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find <sup>545</sup> that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunniger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, <sup>550</sup> upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place; I'm determined to resign.

[Exit.]

*Honeyw.* How have I been deceived !

<sup>555</sup>

*Sir Will.* No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend, for that favour. To Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest <sup>560</sup> as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

*Miss Rich.* After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than

friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his <sup>565</sup> resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him.

[Giving her hand.]

*Honeyw.* Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of <sup>570</sup> apprehension.

*Croak.* Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months!

*Sir Will.* Henceforth, nephew; learn to respect <sup>575</sup> yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

*Honeyw.* Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors; my vanity, in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any; my meanness, in approv- <sup>580</sup> ing folly lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

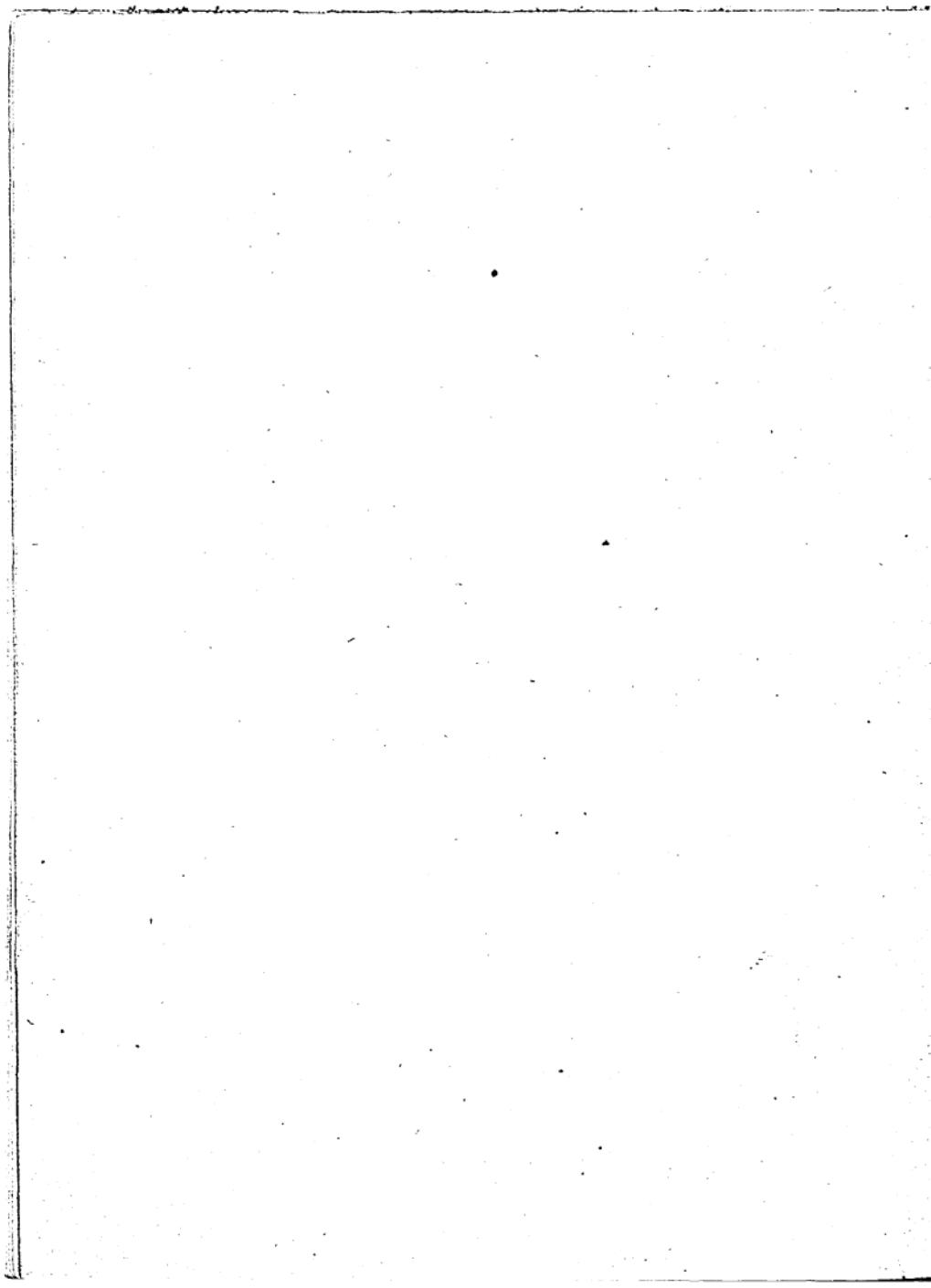
## EPILOGUE \*

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY<sup>O</sup>

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure  
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;  
Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend  
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,  
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,  
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.  
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,  
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.  
An Epilogue, things can't go on without it,  
It could not fail, would you but set about it.  
Young man, cries one (a bard laid up in clover),  
Alas! young man, my writing days are over;  
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;  
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps, may try.  
What, I, dear sir? the Doctor interposes,

\* The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses !  
No, no, I've other contests to maintain ;  
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-Lane.<sup>o</sup>  
Go, ask your manager.<sup>o</sup> — Who, me ? Your pardon ;  
Those things are not our forte at Covent-Garden.      20  
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,  
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.  
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,  
At the Pit door stands elbowing a way,  
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,      25  
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug ;  
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,  
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :  
He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grimace ;  
But not a soul will budge to give him place.      30  
Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform  
To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,  
And be each critic the *Good-Natured Man*.



## DEDICATION

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and admirer,  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

## MEN

<i>Sir Charles Marlow</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Gardner
<i>Young Marlow (his son)</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Lewes
<i>Hardcastle</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Shuter
<i>Hastings</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Dubellamy
<i>Tony Lumpkin</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Quick
<i>Diggory</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Saunders

## WOMEN

<i>Mrs. Hardcastle</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Green
<i>Miss Hardcastle</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Bulkley
<i>Miss Neville</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Knivetton
<i>Maid</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	Miss Willems

*Landlord, Servants, etc.*

# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

## THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

### PROLOGUE

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

*Enter Mr. Woodward, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes*

EXCUSE me, sirs, I pray — I can't yet speak —  
I'm crying now — and have been all the week.  
“Tis not alone this mourning suit,” good masters;  
“I've that within,” for which there are no plasters!  
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying? 5  
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!  
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;  
For, as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop:  
I am undone, that's all — shall lose my bread —  
I'd rather, but that's nothing — lose my head. 10  
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,

Shuter<sup>o</sup> and I shall be chief mourners here.  
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,  
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed !

Poor Ned<sup>o</sup> and I are dead to all intents ; 15  
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments !  
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,  
We now and then take down a hearty cup.

What shall we do ? If Comedy forsake us,  
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us. 20  
But why can't I be moral ? — Let me try —  
My heart thus pressing — fix'd my face and eye —  
With a sententious look, that nothing means  
(Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes),

Thus I begin : " All is not gold that glitters, 25  
Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters.  
When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand :  
Learning is better far than house and land.  
Let not your virtue trip ; who trips may stumble,

And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble." 30

I give it up — morals won't do for me ;  
To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.  
One hope remains — hearing the maid was ill,  
A Doctor comes this night to show his skill ;  
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion, 35  
He, in Five Draughts prepar'd, presents a potion :

A kind of magic charm — for, be assur'd,  
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd:  
But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,  
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces ! 40  
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,  
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd in what he gives.  
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;  
If not, within he will receive no fee !  
The College *you*, must his pretensions back, 45  
Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I.—A CHAMBER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

Enter MRS. HARDCastle and MR. HARDCastle

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

*Hard.* Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why

London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, <sup>10</sup> but now they travel faster than a stage coach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many <sup>15</sup> a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Crip-  
<sup>20</sup> plegate, the lame dancing master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene<sup>o</sup> and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

*Hard.* And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, <sup>25</sup> old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own, I've been pretty fond of an old wife.

*Mrs. Hard.* Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan,<sup>o</sup> I promise <sup>30</sup> you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

*Hard.* Let me see; twenty added to twenty — makes just fifty and seven.

35

*Mrs. Hard.* It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

*Hard.* Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. 40 Ay, you have taught him finely.

*Mrs. Hard.* No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

45

*Hard.* Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

*Mrs. Hard.* Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

50

*Hard.* I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I 55 popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

*Mrs. Hard.* And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school

would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin <sup>60</sup> may do for him?

*Hard.* Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, we must not snub the poor <sup>65</sup> boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

*Hard.* Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms. <sup>70</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* He coughs sometimes.

*Hard.* Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

*Hard.* And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet — (*Tony halloo-ing behind the scenes.*) — Oh, there he goes — a very consumptive figure, truly! <sup>75</sup>

*Enter TONY, crossing the stage*

*Mrs. Hard.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee? <sup>80</sup>

*Tony.* I'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

*Mrs. Hard.* You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

*Tony.* I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's 85 some fun going forward.

*Hard.* Ay; the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

*Mrs. Hard.* A low, paltry set of fellows.

*Tony.* Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box; and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

95

*Tony.* As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

*Tony.* I will, I tell you.

100

*Mrs. Hard.* I say you shan't.

*Tony.* We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit, hauling her out.*]

*Hard.* (*Alone.*) Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age

in combination to drive sense and discretion out <sup>105</sup> of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

*Enter Miss HARDCastle*

*Hard.* Blessings on my pretty innocence! drest <sup>110</sup> out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain. <sup>115</sup>

*Miss Hard.* You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress, to please you. <sup>120</sup>

*Hard.* Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I don't comprehend <sup>125</sup> your meaning.

*Hard.* Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is 130 set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

*Miss Hard.* Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem. 135

*Hard.* Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir 140 Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding. 145

*Miss Hard.* Is he?

*Hard.* Very generous.

*Miss Hard.* I believe I shall like him.

*Hard.* Young and brave.

*Miss Hard.* I'm sure I shall like him. 150

*Hard.* And very handsome.

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine — I'll have him.

*Hard.* And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the <sup>155</sup> world.

*Miss Hard.* Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband. <sup>160</sup>

*Hard.* On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

*Miss Hard.* He must have more striking fea- <sup>165</sup> tures to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

*Hard.* Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. <sup>170</sup> It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? — Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my <sup>175</sup> glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer

fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

*Hard.* Bravely resolved! In the mean time, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster.

[*Exit.*]

*Miss Hard. (Alone.)* Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I — But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

*Enter MISS NEVILLE*

*Miss Hard.* I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

*Miss Nev.* Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look

again — bless me! — surely no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or <sup>200</sup> has the last novel been too moving?

*Miss Hard.* No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened — I can scarce get it out — I have been threatened with a lover.

*Miss Nev.* And his name —

<sup>205</sup>

*Miss Hard.* Is Marlow.

*Miss Nev.* Indeed!

*Miss Hard.* The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

*Miss Nev.* As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never <sup>210</sup> asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

*Miss Hard.* Never.

*Miss Nev.* He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and <sup>215</sup> virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

*Miss Hard.* An odd character, indeed. I shall <sup>220</sup> never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occur-

rences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

225

*Miss Nev.* I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty mon-  
ster as the very pink of perfection.

*Miss Hard.* And her partiality is such, that she<sup>230</sup> actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

*Miss Nev.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly<sup>235</sup> consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my<sup>240</sup> affections are fixed upon another.

*Miss Hard.* My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

*Miss Nev.* It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me mar-<sup>245</sup> ried to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improve-

ments. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

*Miss Hard.* Would it were bed-time, and all <sup>250</sup> were well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—AN ALEHOUSE ROOM

*Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco. Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.*

*Omnes.* Hurrea! hurrea! hurrea! bravo!

*First Fell.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

*Omnes.* Ay, a song, a song!

*Tony.* Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song<sup>o</sup> I made upon this alehouse, The Three Pigeons.

SONG

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain

With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;

Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,

Gives *genus* a better discerning.

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10

Let them brag of their heathenish gods,  
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,  
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,      15  
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,  
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,  
I'll wager the rascals a crown,      20  
They always preach best with a skinful.  
But when you come down with your pence,  
For a slice of their scurvy religion,  
I'll leave it to all men of sense,

But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,  
And let us be merry and clever,  
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,  
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.      30  
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,  
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;  
But of all the birds in the air,  
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

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*Omnes.* Bravo, bravo !

*First Fell.* The 'Squire has got some spunk in him.

*Second Fell.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

*Third Fell.* O! damn anything that's low, I <sup>40</sup> cannot bear it.

*Fourth Fell.* The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time: if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

*Third Fell.* I like the maxum of it, Master <sup>45</sup>. Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very gentelest of tunes; "Water Parted,"<sup>50</sup> or "The minuet in Ariadne."<sup>50</sup>

*Second Fell.* What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

*Tony.* Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company. <sup>55</sup>

*Second Fell.* O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It <sup>60</sup> was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

*Tony.* Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. 65 But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

*Enter LANDLORD*

*Land.* There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the 70 forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

*Tony.* As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners? 75

*Land.* I believe they may. They look woun-dily like Frenchmen.

*Tony.* Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit LANDLORD.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough 80 company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt mob.*]

*Tony.* (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year. Now, if I

pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grum- 85  
bletonian. But then I'm afraid, — afraid of what?  
I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and  
let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

*Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS*

*Marl.* What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles 90 across the country, and we have come above three-score!

*Hast.* And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way. 95

*Marl.* I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

*Hast.* At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer. 100

*Tony.* No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

*Hast.* Not in the least, sir, but should thank 105 you for information.

*Tony.* Nor the way you came?

*Hast.* No, sir; but if you can inform us —

*Tony.* Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the <sup>110</sup> road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that — you have lost your way.

*Marl.* We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

*Tony.* Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came? <sup>115</sup>

*Marl.* That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

*Tony.* No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, <sup>120</sup> whimsical fellow, with an ugly face: a daughter, and a pretty son?

*Hast.* We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

*Tony.* The daughter, a tall, trapesing,<sup>o</sup> trollop- <sup>125</sup> ing, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of!

*Marl.* Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred, and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at <sup>130</sup> his mother's apron-string.

*Tony.* He-he-hem! — Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

*Hast.* Unfortunate!

*Tony.* It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; — (*winking upon the LAND-LORD*), Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me?

*Land.* Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

*Marl.* Cross down Squash Lane!

*Land.* Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

*Marl.* Come to where four roads meet?

*Tony.* Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

*Marl.* O, sir, you're facetious.

*Tony.* Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn,

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you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill —

*Marl.* Zounds, man! we could as soon find out <sup>160</sup> the longitude.

*Hast.* What's to be done, Marlow?

*Marl.* This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us. <sup>165</sup>

*Land.* Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

*Tony.* And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't <sup>170</sup> you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with — three chairs and a bolster?

*Hast.* I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

*Marl.* And I detest your three chairs and a <sup>175</sup> bolster.

*Tony.* You do, do you? — then, let me see — what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole <sup>180</sup> country?

*Hast.* O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

*Land.* (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, <sup>185</sup> be you?

*Tony.* Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the <sup>190</sup> yard, and call stoutly about you.

*Hast.* Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

*Tony.* No, no; but I tell you though the land-lord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he <sup>195</sup> wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

*Land.* A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country. <sup>200</sup>

*Marl.* Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn <sup>205</sup> to the right, did you say?

*Tony.* No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the LANDLORD.*) Mum!

*Land.* Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous son.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE SECOND

### SCENE I.—AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

*Enter HARDCASTLE, followed by three or four awkward Servants*

*Hard.* Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

*Omnes.* Ay, ay.

*Hard.* When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

*Omnes.* No, no.

*Hard.* You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side table; and

you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in 15 your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

*Dig.* Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to 20 hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill —

*Hard.* You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you 25 must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

*Dig.* By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a 30 mouthful himself.

*Hard.* Blockhead! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

*Dig.* Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a 35 shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

*Hard.* Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as 40 if you made part of the company.

*Dig.* Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of the Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that — he! he! he! — for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these 45 twenty years — ha! ha! ha!

*Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that — but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, 50 how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please, (*To Diggory*) — Eh, why don't you move?

*Dig.* Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables 55 brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

*Hard.* What, will nobody move?

*First Serv.* I'm not to leave this pleace.

*Second Serv.* I'm sure it's no pleace of mine. 60

*Third Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

*Dig.* Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

*Hard.* You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must 65 begin all over again — But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you block heads! I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit HARDCASTLE.*]

*Dig.* By the elevens, my pleace is quite gone 70 out of my head.

*Roger.* I know that my pleace is to be every where.

*First Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

*Second Serv.* My pleace is to be no where at all; 75 and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, several ways.*]

*Enter SERVANT, with candles, showing in MARLOW and HASTINGS*

*Serv.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome!  
This way.

*Hast.* After the disappointments of the day,  
welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a 80

clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

*Marl.* The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn. 85

*Hast.* As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly. 90

*Marl.* Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

*Hast.* You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance. 100

*Marl.* The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confi- 105

dence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman — except my mother — But among females of another class, you know —

*Hast.* Ay, among them you are impudent <sup>110</sup> enough, of all conscience!

*Marl.* They are of *us*, you know.

*Hast.* But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity <sup>115</sup> of stealing out of the room.

*Marl.* Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance <sup>120</sup> from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

*Hast.* If you could but say half the fine things <sup>125</sup> to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker —

*Marl.* Why, George, I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some <sup>130</sup>

such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

*Hast.* Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

*Marl.* Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question of, "Madam, will you marry me?" No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

*Hast.* I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

*Marl.* As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low, answer yes or no to all her demands — But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

*Hast.* I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

*Marl.* To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my

chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

160

*Hast.* My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine,<sup>165</sup> both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

*Marl.* Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it<sup>170</sup> I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward, prepossessing visage of mine can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses<sup>o</sup> of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

175

*Enter HARDCASTLE*

*Hard.* Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you are

heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style 180 at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To HASTINGS.*) 185 I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

*Hard.* I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

190

*Hast.* I fancy, George, you're right; the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

*Hard.* Mr. Marlow — Mr. Hastings — gentlemen — pray be under no restraint in this house. 195 This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

*Marl.* Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery 200 to secure a retreat.

*Hard.* Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow,

puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain.<sup>o</sup> He first summoned the garrison —

205

*Marl.* Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

*Hard.* He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men —

*Hast.* I think not: brown and yellow mix but <sup>210</sup> very poorly.

*Hard.* I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men —

*Marl.* The girls like finery.

215

*Hard.* Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him — you must have heard of George <sup>220</sup> Brooks — "I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood." So —

*Marl.* What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us <sup>225</sup> to carry on the siege with vigour.

*Hard.* Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most

unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

*Marl.* Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch,<sup>230</sup> after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

*Hard.* Here's a cup, sir.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. <sup>235</sup>

*Hard.* (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance!<sup>240</sup> [Drinks.]

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this. But he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. [Drinks.]

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

*Marl.* From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and <sup>250</sup> then, at elections, I suppose?

*Hard.* No, sir, I have long given that work

over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

255

*Hast.* So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

*Hard.* Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally,<sup>260</sup> or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker.<sup>o</sup> Sir, my service to you.

265

*Hast.* So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

*Hard.* I do stir about a great deal, that's cer-<sup>270</sup>tain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

*Marl.* (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

275

*Hard.* Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

*Hast.* So then, like an experienced general, you <sup>28a</sup> attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [Drinks. <sup>285</sup>

*Hard.* Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade.<sup>o</sup> You shall hear.

*Marl.* Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I be-<sup>29a</sup> lieve it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

*Hard.* For supper, sir!— (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

*Marl.* Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an <sup>295</sup> appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog, sure, never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the <sup>300</sup> cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

*Marl.* You do, do you?

*Hard.* Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper <sup>305</sup> this moment in the kitchen.

*Marl.* Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, <sup>310</sup> sir.

*Hard.* O, no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how: our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the <sup>315</sup> house.

*Hast.* Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

*Marl.* (*To HARDCastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

*Hard.* Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. (*Exit ROGER.*) <sup>325</sup> Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his,

that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His <sup>330</sup> uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. (*Re-enter ROGER.*) But let's hear the bill of fare.

*Marl.* (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desert. The <sup>335</sup> devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

*Hast.* But let's hear it.

<sup>340</sup>

*Marl.* (*Reading.*) For the first course, at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

*Hast.* Damn your pig, I say!

*Marl.* And damn your pruin sauce, say I!

*Hard.* And yet, gentlemen, to men that are <sup>345</sup> hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

*Marl.* At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

*Hast.* Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

<sup>350</sup>

*Marl.* Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any-<sup>355</sup> thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

*Marl.* Item: A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine,<sup>o</sup> a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff — taff — taffety cream! <sup>360</sup>

*Hast.* Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

*Hard.* I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have noth-<sup>365</sup> ing you like, but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to —

*Marl.* Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for <sup>370</sup> supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

*Hard.* I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

*Marl.* Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you <sup>375</sup> must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

*Hard.* I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

*Marl.* You see I'm resolved on it. — (*Aside.*) <sup>380</sup> A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

*Hard.* Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned <sup>385</sup> impudence. [*Exeunt MARLOW and HARDCastle.*]

*Hast.* (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all <sup>390</sup> that's happy!

*Enter* MISS NEVILLE

*Miss Nev.* My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

*Hast.* Rather let me ask the same question, as <sup>395</sup> I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

*Miss Nev.* An inn! sure you mistake: my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

400

*Hast.* My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

405

*Miss Nev.* Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

*Hast.* He whom your aunt intends for you? he of whom I have such just apprehensions?

410

*Miss Nev.* You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

415

*Hast.* Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and, then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among the slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

420

*Miss Nev.* I have often told you, that though

425

ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I 430 fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

*Hast.* Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow 435 must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

*Miss Nev.* But how shall we keep him in the 440 deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?  
— This, this way — [They confer.

*Enter MARLOW*

*Marl.* The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill 445 manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back.

They talk of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.— What have we got <sup>450</sup> here?

*Hast.* My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!— The most fortunate accident!— Who do you think is just alighted?

*Marl.* Cannot guess.

455

*Hast.* Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hard- <sup>460</sup> castle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

465

*Hast.* Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

*Marl.* Oh, yes! Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter — But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder — What if we should post- <sup>470</sup> pone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house — It will be every bit as conven-

ient—and rather more respectful—To-morrow  
let it be.

[Offering to go.]

*Miss Nev.* By no means, sir. Your ceremony 475  
will displease her. The disorder of your dress will  
show the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she  
knows you are in the house, and will permit you to  
see her.

*Marl.* Oh, the devil! How shall I support it? 480  
Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You  
are to assist me, you know. I shall be confound-  
edly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage.  
Hem!

*Hast.* Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, 485  
and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

*Marl.* And, of all women, she that I dread most  
to encounter.

*Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returned from walking,  
a bonnet, etc.*

*Hast. (Introducing them.)* Miss Hardcastle, Mr.  
Marlow; I'm proud of bringing two persons of such 490  
merit together, that only want to know, to esteem  
each other.

*Miss Hard. (Aside.)* Now for meeting my

modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he* <sup>495</sup> *appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir — I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

*Marl.* Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be <sup>500</sup> sorry — madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

*Hast.* (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

*Miss Hard.* I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

*Marl.* (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, in-<sup>510</sup> indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

*Miss Nev.* But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

*Hast.* (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

*Marl.* (To him.) Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

*Miss Hard.* An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

*Marl.* Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

*Hast.* (To him.) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

*Marl.* Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (To him.) Zounds, George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

*Hast.* Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (To him.) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. [Exeunt.

*Miss Hard.* (After a pause.) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

*Marl.* (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I — I — I — as yet have studied — only 545 — to — deserve them.

*Miss Hard.* And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

*Marl.* Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part 550 of the sex. — But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

*Miss Hard.* Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire 555 those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

*Marl.* It's — a disease — of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish — for — um — a — um — 560

*Miss Hard.* I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

*Marl.* My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing — a — 565

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose

this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (To him.) You were going to observe, sir — 570

*Marl.* I was observing, madam — I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

*Miss Hard.* (Aside.) I vow and so do I. (To him.) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy — something about hypocrisy, sir. 575

*Marl.* Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not — a — a — a —

*Miss Hard.* I understand you perfectly, sir.

*Marl.* (Aside.) Egad! and that's more than I 580 do myself.

*Miss Hard.* You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are a few who do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it. 585

*Marl.* True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

*Miss Hard.* Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such 590 life and force — pray, sir, go on.

*Marl.* Yes, madam, I was saying — that there are some occasions — when a total want of cour-

age, madam, destroys all the — and puts us — upon — a — a — a —

595

*Miss Hard.* I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

*Marl.* Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam<sup>600</sup> — but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray, go on.

*Marl.* Yes, madam, I was — But she beckons<sup>605</sup> us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

*Miss Hard.* Well, then, I'll follow.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [Exit.<sup>610</sup>

*Miss Hard.* (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense,<sup>615</sup> but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I

know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? — That, faith, is a question I can scarce<sup>62a</sup> answer.

[Exit.]

*Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS. HARDCastle and HASTINGS*

*Tony.* What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

*Miss Nev.* I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.<sup>625</sup>

*Tony.* Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance. I want no nearer relationship. [She follows, coquetting him, to the back scene.<sup>630</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

*Hast.* Never there! You amaze me! From<sup>635</sup> your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.<sup>o</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* O, sir! you're only pleased to say

so. We country persons can have no manner at 640 all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon,<sup>o</sup> the Grotto Gardens, the Borough,<sup>o</sup> and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? 645 All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the Scandalous Magazine,<sup>o</sup> and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Ricketts of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this 650 head, Mr. Hastings?

*Hast.* Extremely elegant and *degagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

*Mrs. Hard.* I protest, I dressed it myself from 655 a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book<sup>o</sup> for the last year.

*Hast.* Indeed! Such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a City Ball. 660

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

*Hast.* But that can never be your case, madam,<sup>665</sup> in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

*Mrs. Hard.* Yet, what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have<sup>670</sup> often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

*Hast.* You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men<sup>675</sup> there are none old.

*Mrs. Hard.* But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic-vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing! <sup>680</sup>

*Hast.* Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

*Hast.* Some time ago, forty was all the mode;<sup>685</sup> but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion!

*Hast.* No lady begins now to put on jewels till <sup>690</sup> she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

*Mrs. Hard.* And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the <sup>695</sup> oldest of us all.

*Hast.* Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman,— a brother of yours, I should presume?

*Mrs. Hard.* My son, sir. They are contracted <sup>700</sup> to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a-day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening? <sup>705</sup>

*Tony.* I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

*Mrs. Hard.* Never mind him, Con, my dear. <sup>710</sup> He's in another story behind your back.

*Miss Nev.* There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

*Tony.* That's a damned confounded — crack. 715

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony. 720

*Tony.* You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

*Miss Nev.* O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

*Mrs. Hard.* O, the monster! For shame, Tony. 725 You a man, and behave so!

*Tony.* If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? 730 I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

*Tony.* Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Husband-wife ten times over; and you have thoughts of

coursing me through Quincy<sup>o</sup> next spring. But, 740  
ecod ! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper ?  
Wasn't it all for your good ?

*Tony.* I wish you'd let me and my good alone,  
then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits ! 745  
If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself ; not  
to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

*Mrs. Hard:* That's false; I never see you when  
you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the  
ale-house or kennel. I'm never to be delighted 750  
with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster !

*Tony.* Ecod ! mamma, your own notes are the  
wildest of the two.

*Mrs. Hard.* Was ever the like ? But I see he  
wants to break my heart, I see he does. 755

*Hast.* Dear madam, permit me to lecture the  
young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can per-  
suade him to his duty.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well ! I must retire. Come, Con-  
stance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the 760  
wretchedness of my situation : was ever poor  
woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, pro-  
voking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt MRS. HARDCastle and MISS NEVILLE.*

## HASTINGS, TONY

*Tony.* (*Singing.*) "There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do 765 didlo dee." Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry. 770

*Hast.* Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

*Tony.* That's as I find 'um.

*Hast.* Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty, 775 well-tempered girl.

*Tony.* That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom! 780

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

*Tony.* I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking. 785

*Hast.* To me she appears sensible and silent!

*Tony.* Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

*Hast.* But there is a meek modesty about her<sup>793</sup> that charms me.

*Tony.* Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

*Hast.* Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some<sup>795</sup> beauty.

*Tony.* Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad<sup>800</sup> and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

*Hast.* Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

*Tony.* Anon!

<sup>805</sup>

*Hast.* Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

*Tony.* Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

<sup>810</sup>

*Hast.* I am he. If you but assist me, I'll en-

gage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

*Tony.* Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your <sup>815</sup> chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin besides, in jewels, that you little dream of.

*Hast.* My dear 'Squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

820

*Tony.* Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

"We are the boys  
That fears no noise,  
Where the thundering cannons roar."

825

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT THE THIRD

#### SCENE I.—THE HOUSE

*Enter HARDCastle, alone*

*Hard.* What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a

tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair 5 by the fire-side already. He took his boots off in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. — She will certainly be shocked at it.

*Enter Miss HARDCastle, plainly dressed*

*Hard.* Well, my Kate, I see you have changed 10 your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

*Miss Hard.* I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety. 15

*Hard.* And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

*Miss Hard.* You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds 20 the description.

*Hard.* I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

*Miss Hard.* I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world, too! 25

*Hard.* Ay, he learned it all abroad, — what a

fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

*Miss Hard.* It seems all natural to him.

3d

*Hard.* A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

*Miss Hard.* Sure, you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look, — that awkward address, — 35 that bashful manner —

*Hard.* Whose look? whose manner, child?

*Miss Hard.* Mr. Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

*Hard.* Then your first sight deceived you; for 40 I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

*Miss Hard.* Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

*Hard.* And can you be serious! I never saw 45 such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

*Miss Hard.* Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

5a

*Hard.* He met me with a loud voice, a lordly

air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

*Miss Hard.* He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

*Hard.* He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch.

*Miss Hard.* One of us must certainly be mistaken.

*Hard.* If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

*Miss Hard.* And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

*Hard.* In one thing, then, we are agreed — to reject him.

*Miss Hard.* Yes — but upon conditions. For

if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate — I don't know — the fellow is well enough for a man — Certainly we don't meet 80 many such at a horse-race in the country.

*Hard.* If we should find him so — But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

*Miss Hard.* And yet there may be many good 85 qualities under that first appearance.

*Hard.* Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue. 90

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

*Hard.* Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradic- 95 tions, he may please us both, perhaps.

*Miss Hard.* And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

*Hard.* Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

*Miss Hard.* And, depend on't, I'm not much in 100 the wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter TONY, running in with a casket*

*Tony.* Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O, my genus! is that you? 105

*Enter HASTINGS*

*Hast.* My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon 110 be ready to set off.

*Tony.* And here's something to bear your charges by the way,—(*giving the casket*) your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them: and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them! 115

*Hast.* But how have you procured them from your mother?

*Tony.* Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bu- 120

reau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

*Hast.* Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt, this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

*Tony.* Well, keep them, until you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

*Hast.* But I dread the effects of her resentment when she finds she has lost them.

*Tony.* Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are! Morrice°! Prance!

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

TONY, MRS. HARDCastle, MISS NEVILLE

*Mrs. Hard.* Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

*Miss Nev.* But what will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

145

*Mrs. Hard.* Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites<sup>o</sup> back?

*Miss Nev.* But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best<sup>155</sup> with all my little finery about me?

*Mrs. Hard.* Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels, in<sup>160</sup> your eyes, to set off her beauty?

*Tony.* That's as thereafter may be.

*Miss Nev.* My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

*Mrs. Hard.* A parcel of old-fashioned rose and<sup>165</sup> table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon<sup>o</sup> at a puppet-show.

Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to MRS. HARDCastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

173

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

175

Tony. (*Apart to MRS. HARDCastle.*) Never 180 fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

185

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

190

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too

valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss —

*Mrs. Hard.* Don't be alarmed, Constance. If <sup>195</sup> they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

*Tony.* That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath <sup>200</sup> on't.

*Mrs. Hard.* You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

*Miss Nev.* Ay, people are generally calm at the <sup>205</sup> misfortunes of others.

*Mrs. Hard.* Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels <sup>210</sup> be found.

*Miss Nev.* I detest garnets!

*Mrs. Hard.* The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall <sup>215</sup> have them. [Exit.]

*Miss Nev.* I dislike them of all things. You

shan't stir. — Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery ?

220

*Tony.* Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark; he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave <sup>225</sup> me to manage her.

*Miss Nev.* My dear cousin!

*Tony.* Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [Exit MISS NEVILLE.] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catherine <sup>230</sup> wheel.

*Enter MRS. HARDCastle*

*Mrs. Hard.* Confusion! thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

*Tony.* What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of <sup>235</sup> the good family!

*Mrs. Hard.* We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

*Tony.* Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the <sup>240</sup>

laws I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken<sup>245</sup> away.

*Tony.* Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

*Mrs. Hard.* I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined forever.

*Tony.* Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

*Mrs. Hard.* My dearest Tony, but hear me.<sup>255</sup> They're gone, I say.

*Tony.* By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a blockhead,<sup>260</sup> that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest! I can tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

*Tony.* That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.<sup>265</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other!

270

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

275

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

280

[*He runs off; she follows him.*

*Enter Miss HARDCASTLE and MAID*

*Miss Hard.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

*Maid.* But what is more, madam, the young 285 gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress,

asked me if you were the bar-maid. He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam!

*Miss Hard.* Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple,<sup>290</sup> how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry<sup>o</sup> in the Beaux' Stratagem?

*Maid.* It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives<sup>295</sup> company.

*Miss Hard.* And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

*Maid.* Certain of it!

*Miss Hard.* I vow, I thought so; for though<sup>300</sup> we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

*Maid.* But what do you hope from keeping<sup>305</sup> him in his mistake?

*Miss Hard.* In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained<sup>310</sup> over one who never addresses any but the wildest

of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

315

*Maid.* But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

*Miss Hard.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant. — Did your honour call? — Attend the Lion there. — Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. — The Lamb<sup>o</sup> has been outrageous this half hour.

*Maid.* It will do, madam. But he's here.

320

[Exit MAID.]

*Enter MARLOW*

*Marl.* What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[Walks and muses.]

*Miss Hard.* Did you call, sir? Did your honour call?

*Marl.* (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's 335 too grave and sentimental for me.

*Miss Hard.* Did your honour call?

[She still places herself before him, he turning away.]

*Marl.* No, child! (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

*Miss Hard.* I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring. 340

*Marl.* No, no! (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father; however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*]

*Miss Hard.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir? 345

*Marl.* I tell you no.

*Miss Hard.* I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

*Marl.* No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted.— 350 I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

*Miss Hard.* O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

*Marl.* Never saw a more sprightly, malicious

eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got 355 any of your — a — what d'ye call it in the house?

*Miss Hard.* No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

*Marl.* One may call in this house, I find, to 360 very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too?

*Miss Hard.* Nectar? nectar? That's a liquor 365 there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

*Marl.* Of true English growth, I assure you.

*Miss Hard.* Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and 370 I have lived here these eighteen years.

*Marl.* Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

*Miss Hard.* O! sir, I must not tell my age. 375 They say women and music should never be dated.

*Marl.* To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By com-

ing close to some women, they look younger still; <sup>380</sup> but when we come very close indeed —

[Attempting to kiss her.]

*Miss Hard.* Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

*Marl.* I protest, child, you use me extremely <sup>385</sup> ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

*Miss Hard.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that <sup>390</sup> was here a while ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you were before a justice of peace.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure <sup>395</sup> enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me! <sup>400</sup>

*Miss Hard.* Oh, then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

*Marl.* Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And

yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called 405 their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[Offering to salute her.]

*Miss Hard.* Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great 410 a favourite there, you say?

*Marl.* Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place. 415

*Miss Hard.* Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

*Marl.* Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

*Miss Hard.* And their agreeable Rattle, ha ! ha ! 420 ha !

*Marl.* (Aside.) Egad ! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child ?

*Miss Hard.* I can't but laugh to think what 425 time they all have for minding their work or their family.

*Marl.* (Aside.) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (To her.) Do you ever work, child?

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. There's not a screen or 43<sup>a</sup> a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

*Marl.* Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, 43<sup>b</sup> you must apply to me. [Seizing her hand.

*Enter HARDCastle, who stands in surprise*

*Miss Hard.* Ay, but the colours don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning.

[Struggling.

*Marl.* And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — 44<sup>a</sup> Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace<sup>b</sup> three times following. [Exit MARLOW.

*Hard.* So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept 44<sup>b</sup> his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

*Miss Hard.* Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be 450 convinced of it as well as I.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and 455 his modesty, forsooth!

*Miss Hard.* But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him. 460

*Hard.* The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and 465 call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

*Hard.* You shall not have half the time, for I 470 have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

*Miss Hard.* Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

*Hard.* Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and <sup>475</sup> open, do you mind me?

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination.

[*Exeunt.* <sup>480</sup>

## ACT THE FOURTH

### SCENE I.—THE HOUSE

*Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE*

*Hast.* You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

*Miss Nev.* You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out in a few hours after his son.

*Hast.* Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name and, perhaps, my designs, to the rest of the family.

*Miss Nev.* The jewels, I hope, are safe?

*Hast.* Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. 15  
I have had the 'Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [Exit.]

*Miss Nev.* Well, success attend you! In the mean time, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. 20 [Exit.]

*Enter MARLOW, followed by a SERVANT*

*Marl.* I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you 25 deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

*Serv.* Yes, your honour.

*Marl.* She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

*Serv.* Yes; she said she'd keep it safe enough; 30 she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [Exit SERVANT.]

*Marl.* Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got <sup>35</sup> amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

*Enter HASTINGS*

*Hast.* Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that <sup>40</sup> I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

*Marl.* Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women. <sup>45</sup>

*Hast.* Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now that it grows so insolent upon us?

*Marl.* Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing, that runs about the house with <sup>50</sup> a bunch of keys to its girdle?

*Hast.* Well, and what then?

*Marl.* She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips — but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

*Hast.* But are you sure, so very sure of her?

*Marl.* Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

*Hast.* But how can you, Charles, go about to 60 rob a woman of her honour?

*Marl.* Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it.

*Hast.* I believe the girl has virtue.

65

*Marl.* And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

*Hast.* You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

*Marl.* Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have 70 taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself — I have —

*Hast.* What?

75

*Marl.* I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

*Hast.* To the landlady!

*Marl.* The landlady.

*Hast.* You did!

80

*Marl.* I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

*Hast.* Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

*Marl.* Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion. 85

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

*Marl.* You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure, nothing has happened?

*Hast.* No, nothing. Never was in better spirits 90 in all my life. And so you left it with the land-lady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

*Marl.* Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, 95 was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

*Hast.* He! he! he! They're safe, however.

*Marl.* As a guinea in a miser's purse.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are 100 at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [Exit. 105

*Marl.* Thank ye, George: I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

*Enter HARDCASTLE*

*Hard.* I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, <sup>110</sup> from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [Bowing low.]

*Marl.* Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What is to be the wonder now? <sup>115</sup>

*Hard.* I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

*Marl.* I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son <sup>120</sup> welcome wherever he goes.

*Hard.* I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this <sup>125</sup> house, I assure you.

*Marl.* I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought,

they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side-* 130 *scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

*Hard.* Then they had your orders for what 135 they do? I'm satisfied!

*Marl.* They had, I assure you. You shall hear it from one of themselves.

*Enter SERVANT, drunk*

*Marl.* You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to 140 drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

*Jeremy.* Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as 145 good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon — hiccup — upon my conscience, sir. [Exit.]

*Marl.* You see, my old friend, the fellow is as 150

drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

*Hard.* Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I<sup>155</sup> have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly. <sup>160</sup>

*Marl.* Leave your house! — Sure, you jest, my good friend! What, when I am doing what I can to please you!

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house. <sup>165</sup>

*Marl.* Sure, you cannot be serious? At this time of night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, I'm serious! and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, <sup>170</sup> sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

*Marl.* Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. <sup>175</sup>

This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay.  
What right have you to bid me leave this house,  
sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me;  
never in my whole life before.

*Hard.* Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To 180  
come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn  
me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to  
order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell  
me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impu-  
dent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, 185  
sir, (*bantering*) as you take the house, what think  
you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's  
a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-  
screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows;  
perhaps you may take a fancy to them? 190

*Marl.* Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your  
bill, and let's make no more words about it.

*Hard.* There are a set of prints, too. What  
think you of the Rakè's Progress° for your own  
apartment? 195

*Marl.* Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave  
you and your infernal house directly.

*Hard.* Then there's a mahogany table that you  
may see your face in.

*Marl.* My bill, I say.

*Hard.* I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

*Marl.* Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

*Hard.* Young man, young man, from your <sup>205</sup> father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[Exit. <sup>210</sup>]

*Marl.* How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry "Coming." The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, <sup>215</sup> child? A word with you.

*Enter MISS HARDCastle*

*Miss Hard.* Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry.—(Aside.) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

<sup>220</sup>

*Marl.* Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

*Miss Hard.* A relation of the family, sir.

*Marl.* What, a poor relation?

225

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir. A poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

*Marl.* That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

230

*Miss Hard.* Inn! O law — What brought that into your head? One of the first families in the county keep an inn! — Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

*Marl.* Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

235

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

*Marl.* So, then, all's out, and I have been damably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Maccaroni.<sup>o</sup> To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

240

245

*Miss Hard.* Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's

nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level  
with one of that stamp.

25<sup>a</sup>

*Marl.* Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was  
in for a list of blunders, and could not help making  
you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything  
the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for as-  
surance, and your simplicity for allurement. But 255  
it's over — this house I no more show *my* face  
in.

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, I have done nothing to  
disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront  
any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so 260  
many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be  
sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family on my  
account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said  
anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my  
character.

265

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) By Heaven! she weeps. This  
is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a  
modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*)  
Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part  
of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be 270  
plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune,  
and education, make an honourable connexion im-  
possible; and I can never harbour a thought of

seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being <sup>275</sup> too lovely.

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a <sup>280</sup> contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

*Marl.* And why now, my pretty simplicity?

*Miss Hard.* Because it puts me at a distance from one that if I had a thousand pounds I would <sup>285</sup> give it all to.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most <sup>290</sup> sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that — I can scarcely speak it — it affects me. Farewell! [Exit. <sup>295</sup>

*Miss Hard.* I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I

*stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa,  
who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. 300

[*Exit.*]

*Enter TONY and Miss NEVILLE*

*Tony.* Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

*Miss Nev.* But, my dear cousin, sure you won't 305 forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off; I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

*Tony.* To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned 310 bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket<sup>o</sup>; and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should sus- 315 pect us. [They retire and seem to fondle.]

*Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE*

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of

the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

325

*Tony.* As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

*Mrs. Hard.* A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

330

*Miss Nev.* Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

*Tony.* O, it's a pretty creature! No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

*Miss Nev.* Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, 335 red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*) — ah! it's a bold face!

*Mrs. Hard.* Pretty innocence!

*Tony.* I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she 345 twists this way and that over haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. 350 The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incessantly. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity. 355

*Enter DIGGORY*

*Dig.* Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

*Tony.* Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

*Dig.* I had orders to deliver it into your own 360 hands.

*Tony.* Who does it come from?

*Dig.* Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself. [Exit DIGGORY. 365

*Tony.* I could wish to know, though. 365

[*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*

*Miss Nev.* (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined forever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To Mrs. HARDCastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's <sup>37a</sup> smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed — You must know, madam. — This way a little, for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*

*Tony.* (*Still gazing.*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read <sup>375</sup> your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well <sup>380</sup> enough. But when I come to open it, it's all — buzz. That's hard — very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the phi- <sup>385</sup> losopher.

*Miss Nev.* Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

*Mrs. Hard.* He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

*Tony.* (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) "Dear Sir," — Ay, that's that. Then there's an 395 M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell!

*Mrs. Hard.* What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

*Miss Nev.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody 400 reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

*Tony.* Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

*Miss Nev.* Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) 405 Dear 'Squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag<sup>o</sup> club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds — um — odd battle — um — long fighting — um — here, here, it's 410 all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

*Tony.* But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of

it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it <sup>415</sup> out. Of no consequence!

[Giving MRS. HARDCastle the letter.]

Mrs. Hard. How's this? (Reads.) "Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the <sup>420</sup> journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay, the *hag*) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience. I shall run distracted! My rage <sup>425</sup> chokes me!

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

<sup>430</sup>

Mrs. Hard. (Curtesying very low.) Fine spoken madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (Changing her tone.) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense <sup>435</sup> enough to keep your mouth shut: were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have

got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of 440 running away with your spark, prepare this very moment to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll 445 show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves.

[*Exit.*]

*Miss Nev.* So, now I'm completely ruined.

*Tony.* Ay, that's a sure thing.

*Miss Nev.* What better could be expected from 450 being connected with such a stupid fool,— and after all the nods and signs I made him!

*Tony.* By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake- 455 bags and Goose-greens that I thought you could never be making believe.

*Enter HASTINGS*

*Hast.* So, sir, I find by my servant that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

460

*Tony.* Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

*Enter MARLOW*

*Marl.* So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at. <sup>465</sup>

*Tony.* Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

*Miss Nev.* And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

*Marl.* What can I say to him, a mere boy, an <sup>470</sup> idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

*Hast.* A poor, contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

*Miss Nev.* Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrass- <sup>475</sup> ments.

*Hast.* An insensible cub.

*Marl.* Replete with tricks and mischief.

*Tony.* Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other — with baskets. <sup>480</sup>

*Marl.* As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explana-

tion. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

*Hast.* Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

*Marl.* But, sir —

*Miss Nev.* Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

495

[*Exit SERVANT.*

*Miss Nev.* Well, well; I'll come presently.

*Marl.* (*To HASTINGS.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

500

*Hast.* Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

*Miss Nev.* Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why

will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you —

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

*Miss Nev.* I come. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Pray, be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension!

*Enter SERVANT*

*Serv.* Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

*Miss Nev.* O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

*Marl.* I'm so distracted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

*Hast.* The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

*Miss Nev.* Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure 525 you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connexion.

If —

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say. 530

*Miss Nev.* I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word.

[*Exit, followed by the SERVANT.*

*Hast.* My heart! how can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

*Marl.* (*To TONY.*) You see now, young gentle- 535 man, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you is here disappointment, and even distress.

*Tony.* (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my 540 poor Sulky. My boots there, ho! — Meet me, two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bar- 545 gain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE [I].—CONTINUES

*Enter HASTINGS and SERVANT*

*Hast.* You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

*Serv.* Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time. 5

*Hast.* Then all my hopes are over.

*Serv.* Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way. 10

*Hast.* Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [Exit.]

*Enter SIR CHARLES and HARDCastle*

*Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands! 15

*Sir Charles.* And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

*Hard.* And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

*Sir Charles.* Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper; ha! ha! ha!

*Hard.* Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is 25 but small —

*Sir Charles.* Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do —

*Hard.* If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

35

*Sir Charles.* But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

*Hard.* I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

4c

*Enter MARLOW*

*Marl.* I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

*Hard.* Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

*Marl.* Sir, I shall be always proud of her probation.

*Hard.* Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. 50 Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me!

*Marl.* Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

*Hard.* Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I 55 know what has past between you; but mum.

*Marl.* Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the 60 rest of the family?

*Hard.* Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be

played with, and rumpled a little, too, sometimes.  
But she has told no tales, I assure you.

65

*Marl.* I never gave her the slightest cause.

*Hard.* Well, well, I like modesty in its place  
well enough. But this is over-acting, young gen-  
tleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I  
will like you the better for it.

70

*Marl.* May I die, sir, if I ever —

*Hard.* I tell you she don't dislike you; and as  
I'm sure you like her —

*Marl.* Dear sir — I protest, sir —

*Hard.* I see no reason why you should not be 75  
joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

*Marl.* But hear me, sir —

*Hard.* Your father approves the match, I ad-  
mire it; every moment's delay will be doing mis-  
chief, so —

80

*Marl.* But why won't you hear me? By all  
that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle  
the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the  
most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We  
had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, 85  
and uninteresting.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest  
impudence is beyond bearing.

*Sir Charles.* And you never grasped her hand, or  
made any protestations? 90

*Marl.* As Heaven is my witness, I came down  
in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady  
without emotion, and parted without reluctance.  
I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty,  
nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I 95  
suffer so many mortifications. [Exit.]

*Sir Charles.* I'm astonished at the air of sin-  
cerity with which he parted.

*Hard.* And I'm astonished at the deliberate  
intrepidity of his assurance. 100

*Sir Charles.* I dare pledge my life and honour  
upon his truth.

*Hard.* Here comes my daughter, and I would  
stake my happiness upon her veracity.

*Enter Miss HARDCastle*

*Hard.* Kate, come hither, child. Answer us 105  
sincerely, and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow  
made you any professions of love and affection?

*Miss Hard.* The question is very abrupt, sir!  
But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think  
he has. 110

*Hard.* (*To SIR CHARLES.*) You see.

*Sir Charles.* And, pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, several.

*Hard.* (*To SIR CHARLES.*) You see. 115

*Sir Charles.* But did he profess any attachment?

*Miss Hard.* A lasting one.

*Sir Charles.* Did he talk of love?

*Miss Hard.* Much, sir. 120

*Sir Charles.* Amazing! And all this formally?

*Miss Hard.* Formally.

*Hard.* Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

*Sir Charles.* And how did he behave, madam?

*Miss Hard.* As most professed admirers do: 125 said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

*Sir Charles.* Now I'm perfectly convinced, in- 130 indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him; and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

*Miss Hard.* Then what, sir, if I should convince 135

you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

*Sir Charles.* Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [Exit.]

*Miss Hard.* And if you don't find him what I describe — I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [Exeunt.]

SCENE [II]. — CHANGES TO THE BACK OF THE GARDEN

*Enter HASTINGS*

*Hast.* What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he! and perhaps with news of my Constance.

*Enter TONY, booted and spattered*

*Hast.* My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

*Tony.* Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. <sup>10</sup> It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

*Hast.* But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

*Tony.* Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: rabbit<sup>o</sup> me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

*Hast.* Well, but where have you left the ladies? <sup>20</sup> I die with impatience.

*Tony.* Left them? Why, where should I leave them but where I found them?

*Hast.* This is a riddle.

*Tony.* Riddle me this, then. What's that goes <sup>25</sup> round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

*Hast.* I'm still astray.

*Tony.* Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a slough <sup>30</sup> within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

*Hast.* Ha! ha! ha! I understand: you took them in a round while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought 35 them home again.

*Tony.* You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the 40 gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

*Hast.* But no accident, I hope?

*Tony.* No, no. Only mother is confoundedly 45 frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey; and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you. 50

*Hast.* My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

*Tony.* Ay, now it's "dear friend," "noble 'Squire." Just now, it was all "idiot," "cub," and run me through the guts. Damn 55 your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you

had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

*Hast.* The rebuke is just. But I must hasten 60 to relieve Miss Neville: if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

*Tony.* Never fear me. Here she comes; vanish. (*Exit HASTINGS.*) She's got from the pond, 65 and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

*Enter MRS. HARDCastle*

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook! Battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset-hedge, has done my business. 70

*Tony.* Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. 75 Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

*Tony.* By my guess, we should be upon Crack-<sup>80</sup> skull Common, about forty miles from home.

*Mrs. Hard.* O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

*Tony.* Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.<sup>85</sup> Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid.— Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree.— Don't be afraid.

*Mrs. Hard.* The fright will certainly kill me.<sup>90</sup>

*Tony.* Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh, death!

*Tony.* No; it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.<sup>95</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah, I am sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

*Tony.* (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow!

*Mrs. Hard.* Good Heaven, defend us! He approaches.

*Tony.* Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and <sup>105</sup> leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough, and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[MRS. HARDCastle *hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

*Enter HARDCastle*

*Hard.* I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, *Tony*, is that you? I <sup>110</sup> did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

*Tony.* Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find <sup>115</sup> there's danger.

*Hard.* Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

*Tony.* Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem. <sup>120</sup>

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

*Hard.* But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

*Tony.* It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was <sup>125</sup>

saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

*Hard.* But if you talked to yourself, you did <sup>130</sup> not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

*Tony.* What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth — hem — I'll tell you all, sir. [*Detaining him.*]

*Hard.* I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe <sup>140</sup> you.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentle- <sup>145</sup> man; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

*Hard.* My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come? or what does she mean?

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our <sup>150</sup>

watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

*Hard.* I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me*? 155

*Mrs. Hard.* Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us? 160

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate and the mul-165berry tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

*Mrs. Hard.* Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. (*To TONY.*) And is it to you, you graceless 170varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

*Tony.* Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't. 175

*Mrs. Hard.* I'll spoil you, I will.

[Follows him off the stage.

*Hard.* There's morality, however, in his reply.

[Exit.

*Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE*

*Hast.* My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost forever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall <sup>180</sup> soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

*Miss Nev.* I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

*Hast.* Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we <sup>190</sup> possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

*Miss Nev.* No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may <sup>195</sup>

be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

*Hast.* But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you. 200

*Miss Nev.* But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

*Hast.* I have no hopes. But, since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [Exit].

SCENE [III].—CHANGES: ROOM AT MR. HARDCastle'S

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and MISS HARDCastle

*Sir Charles.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hard.* I am proud of your approbation; 5 and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Charles.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [Exit SIR CHARLES. 10

*Enter MARLOW*

*Marl.* Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

*Miss Hard.* (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, 15 which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam; I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals 25 begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

*Miss Hard.* Then go, sir: I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed

merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on 35 fortune.

*Enter HARDCastle and SIR CHARLES MARLOW  
from behind*

*Sir Charles.* Here, behind this screen.

*Hard.* Ay, ay; make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

*Marl.* By heavens, madam, fortune was ever 40 my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What 45 at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

*Sir Charles.* What can it mean? He amazes 50 me!

*Hard.* I told you how it would be. Hush!

*Marl.* I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's dis-

cernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approba- 55  
tion.

*Miss Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean 60 advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

*Marl.* By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me! Nor 65 shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct. 70

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where I must 75 appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Marl. (Kneeling.)* Does this look like security!

Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every 80 moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue —

*Sir Charles.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your 85 indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

*Hard.* Your cold contempt: your formal interview! What have you to say now?

*Marl.* That I'm all amazement! What can it mean? 90

*Hard.* It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure; that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

*Marl.* Daughter! — This lady your daughter? 95

*Hard.* Yes, sir, my only daughter; my Kate; whose else should she be?

*Marl.* Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for 100 (*curtesying*); she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club. Ha! ha! ha!

*Marl.* Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's <sup>105</sup> worse than death!

*Miss Hard.* In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or <sup>110</sup> the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning! — Ha! ha! ha!

*Marl.* O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken <sup>115</sup> down. I must be gone.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? <sup>120</sup> We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

*Enter MRS. HARDCastle and TONY*

*Mrs. Hard.* So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

*Hard.* Who gone?

*Mrs. Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentle- <sup>125</sup>

man, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

*Sir Charles.* Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice. 130

*Hard.* Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family to console us for her loss. 135

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But, you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her 140 own disposal.

*Hard.* Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

*Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE*

*Mrs. Hard. (Aside.)* What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it. 145

*Hast. (To HARDCastle.)* For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion

be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, 150 and our passions were first founded in duty.

*Miss Nev.* Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recov- 155 ered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pshaw, pshaw, this is all but the whining end of a modern novel!

*Hard.* Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come 160 back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

*Tony.* What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father. 165

*Hard.* While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these 170 three months.

*Tony.* Of age! Am I of age, father?

*Hard.* Above three months.

*Tony.* Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Wit-<sup>175</sup> ness all men, by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is<sup>180</sup> his own man again.

*Sir Charles.* O brave 'Squire!

*Hast.* My worthy friend!

*Mrs. Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

*Marl.* Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sin-<sup>185</sup>cerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

*Hast.* (*To Miss HARDCASTLE.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all<sup>190</sup> your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

*Hard.* (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever re-<sup>195</sup>pent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about

us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish <sup>200</sup> is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

## EPILOGUE

BY DR. GOLDSMITH, SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY IN THE  
CHARACTER OF MISS HARDCastle

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,  
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,  
Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,  
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:  
And let me say, for all your resolution,  
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.  
Our life is all a play, composed to please;  
"We have our exits and our entrances."  
The first act shows the simple country maid,  
Harmless and young, of everything afraid;  
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,  
"I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."  
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—  
Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,  
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,  
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters

Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,  
The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs*;  
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,  
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts;      20  
And, as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,  
E'en common-councilmen forget to eat.

The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,  
And madam now begins to hold it higher;  
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro*,      25  
And quits her Nancy Dawson° for Che Faro°:  
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,  
Swims round the room, the Heinel° of Cheapside:  
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,  
Till having lost in age the power to kill,      30  
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.°  
Such, through our lives, th' eventful history —  
The fifth and last act still remains for me.  
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,  
Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.°      35

## NOTES

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE

THIS idyllic pastoral, after receiving two years of careful revision, was published May 26, 1770. The poem pulsates far more strongly with romanticism than *The Traveller*. The heroic couplets of Pope and Johnson lose their mechanical click as they are oiled by the feeling of aspiration and longing. The monotonous metre responds to soul-rhythm by being forced to sustain fine descriptions of nature, excellence in character-portrayal, and vibratory warmth of an emotion which is genuine. The classic form is almost a concealed quantity, except in the polish of diction and in the rhyme that is for the most part forgotten; and its romantic pathos and ideal beauty will always remain the despair of posterity to understand or to reproduce. Pope and Johnson would have wrecked the theme by their mechanics, and no poet of the Romantic Period, with the exception of Cowper, ever grafted such a blossoming branch on the stump of classicism.

If one throws aside Goldsmith's economic theories and didacticism, the pastoral remains the most genuinely charming masterpiece among all the English lyrics. The poet is sensitive to pain and melancholy in all his lines by reason of a heart still

broken by the remembrance of the loss of a brother he loved so well.

✓ It is no wonder that Gray, after reading the poem, said, "This man is a poet;" and that Burke exclaimed, "What true and pretty pastoral images! They beat all—Pope, and Philips, and Spenser too. . . ."

Johnson's *London* was Goldsmith's model for form and metre, but in the great originality of *The Deserted Village* it is scarcely traceable.

1. Auburn. "It is generally believed that by 'Auburn' he intended to designate his native village, Lissoy, in Ireland, and that Gen. Robert Napier was the depopulator of this unfortunate parish. Lissoy is about seven Irish miles distant from Athlone; Pallas is a small estate about ten miles from Lissoy. . . . He (Napier) enclosed a domain of nine miles in circumference, in which were included three respectable families . . . with all their tenants and dependants. Upon the general's death his house was robbed by the indignant peasants, and all his woods cut down." — MITFORD, Pickering, 1839.

12. The decent church. According to Dr. Strean, curate of Kilkenny West in 1807, the scenery depicted here is an exact reproduction of that near Lissoy. Scott, however, is inclined to think most of it fanciful.

13. The hawthorn bush. As far as imagery and rhyme are concerned, the following couplets from Milton and Burns are recalled:—

"And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

— *L'Allegro*, 67-68.

"In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!"  
— *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, 80-81.

17. the village train. Cf. Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, 5-7 :—

"To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways . . ."

25. The dancing pair. Cf. Milton's *L' Allegro*, 95-96 :—

"To many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the checkered shade . . ."

The whole passage, 20-30, is a reminiscence of *L' Allegro* imagery and of 250-254 in *The Traveller*.

51. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey. This line seems to have been made harsh in sound to fit the sense.

53. Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade, etc. Cf. Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, 165 :—

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings . . ."

Burns was greatly indebted to *The Deserted Village*, 51-68, for much of his imagery used in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. Goldsmith was indebted to Johnson's *London*, 1738, for the central idea of lines 51-68.

"This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd,  
*Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd;*  
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold ;  
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
The groom retails the favours of his lord."

55. a bold peasantry. Goldsmith in *The Vicar of Wakefield* had already quoted Pope's "An honest man's the noblest work of God," and in the same place in the novel had said, "The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many."

57. England's griefs. Note the skilful transfer of his affection and allegiance from Ireland to England, in patriotic defence of which Goldsmith ever uplifted pen in poetry and prose.

68. And every pang that folly pays to pride. Cf. *The Citizen of the World*: ". . . misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly."

74. And rural mirth and manners are no more. Note the alliteration which is prominent everywhere in the poem. However, it is not used so artificially or frequently as in *The Traveller*, where it seems to be quite overdone.

79. return to view. Goldsmith, after 1752, never did return to view the landscape of Westmeath. In a letter written to his brother-in-law, Hodson, on December 27, 1757, he had expressed a similar pathos: "This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. . . . If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's last good night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flanstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine, but then I had rather be placed on the Little Mount before Lissoy gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature."

83. In all my wanderings. What line in *The Traveller* is exactly similar in sentiment?

84. In all my griefs. He is probably referring to his harrowing experiences as a hack-writer when pushing ahead for recognition in London from 1756-1759. To his brother, Henry, in 1759, he had written : "Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose ; and could a man live by it, it were no unpleasant employment to be a poet."

85. I still had hopes. We are reminded of his phrase in *The Vicar of Wakefield* : "No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I."

94. Pants to the place from whence at first she flew. Wordsworth makes use of this same idea in *Hart-Leap Well*, where the stag runs for thirteen hours to die on the spot of its birth :—

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring."

96. and die at home at last. Goldsmith had written in *The Citizen of the World* : "There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence that nothing but it can please. Whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity ; we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation find an opiate for every calamity."

And Irving expresses the same thought at the close of his *Stratford-on-Avon* : "He who has sought renown about the

world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood."

Was Goldsmith merely indulging in fabricated or fatuous sentiment when he wrote these finest lines of all his poetry—lines that are filled with the infinite longing which he had ever tugging at his heartstrings through all that ill-fated life of his?

102. learns to fly. Mitford calls attention to these lines in *The Bee*: "By struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wound in the conflict; the only method to come off victorious is by running away."

105. surly porter. "I never see a nobleman's door half opened, that some surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach." — *The Citizen of the World*.

110. resignation. "Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a particularly fine picture in point of expression, especially of Resignation, and dedicated the print taken from it to Dr. Goldsmith, with some lines under it quoted from the 'Deserted Village.' This seems to have been done by Sir Joshua as a return of the compliment to Goldsmith, who had dedicated the poem to him." — *Northcote's Life of Reynolds*.

124. the nightingale. Has Goldsmith used any of the im-

agery employed by Milton, Collins, and Gray, in describing an evening? See *Il Pensero*, *Ode to Evening*, and *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.

126. fluctuate. This is a word as odious to the ear as "*verdant*," so constantly used in Pope's lines. Goldsmith seemed to think it classically felicitous and admirable in its efficacy, and quotes in *Essay XVI.* these lines from Armstrong:—

"Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm . . ."

136. The sad historian. The "wretched matron" is not an imaginary character. We all remember Goody Blake and the leech-gatherer in the poetry of Wordsworth.

140. The village preacher. Probably Goldsmith had in mind the character-attributes of his father and brother Henry when he created a being second only to Chaucer's parish priest.

142. forty pounds a year. See *Dedication of The Traveller*,  
1. 12. [Referring to his brother.]

145. Unpractis'd he to fawn. ". . . the man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence than the fawning simper of thriving adulation." — *The Citizen of the World*, C.

155. The broken soldier. Read Letter CXIX., in *The Citizen of the World*, which tells of the distresses of a disabled soldier, and ends with this characteristic aphorism, "an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy."

162. His pity gave. In *The Citizen of the World* read Letter

XXVI., where the Man in Black first gave his sympathy and then his all to the sailor and to the woman who, in rags, with a child in her arms and another on her back, was singing ballads with peculiar pathos. This shows how often Goldsmith's purse was emptied, not only in Ireland, but also in England ; it shows that his whole life was lived according to the charity and hospitality advocated in his prose and poetry, for Dr. Primrose, the Man in Black, and the preacher, are one shadow, namely that cast by his own good-natured, tender-hearted, generous self.

170. led the way. Cf. Chaucer's *Prologue* :—

“But Cristes lore, and his Apostles twelve  
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselfe.”

189. As some tall cliff. This grand simile conveys the curate's position in the material and moral world of Auburn. It is accurate in description of mountain scenery, and shows that in spite of his age, which hampered any admiration for such, Goldsmith sincerely loved Nature in wrath and wildness. This description had been anticipated in touches of romanticism by Young in his *Night Thoughts* :—

“As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow  
Detains the sun, illustrious from its heights,  
While rising vapors and descending shades,  
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale,  
Philander thus augustly rears his head.”

Cf. Goldsmith's *Essay III.* : “At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capa-

cious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. ‘ How beautiful,’ he often cried, ‘ is Nature ! how lovely even in her wildest scenes ! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds ! ’ ”

196. *The village master.* The teacher of Goldsmith was Thomas Byrne. Goldsmith’s preacher and teacher in their mental traits form types as excellent in their portrayal as those which can be selected from Chaucer’s *Prologue*.

227. *The white-wash’d wall.* Cf. Goldsmith’s *Description of an Author’s Bed-chamber* : —

“ A window, patched with paper, lent a ray  
That dimly showed the state in which he lay ;  
The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread,  
The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread ;  
The royal game of goose was there in view,  
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew.  
The seasons, framed with listing, found a place,  
And brave Prince William show’d his lamp-black face ;  
The morn was cold, — he views with keen desire  
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire.  
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,  
And five crack’d teacups dress’d the chimney board.”

The above lines slightly altered were originally composed in a letter written to his brother, Henry, in 1759, and were afterward enlarged upon and inserted in *The Citizen of the World*, Letter XXX. He was perhaps describing his dingy room in Green Arbor Court.

232. The twelve good rules. Hales in his *Longer English Poems* states that these rules were: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no companions. 7. Maintain no ill opinion. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

232. the royal game of goose. Rolfe refers us to Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, IV., 2 (XXV.): "It is played upon a board with sixty-two compartments, and is called the game of goose because at every fourth and fifth compartment in succession a goose was depicted; and if the cast thrown by the player falls upon a goose, he moves forward double the number of his throw."

269. Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore. Cf. Thomson's *Liberty* :—

"However puffed with power and gorged with wealth  
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,  
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,  
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood  
Burst o'er the city and devour the land."

— Cited by TUPPER.

Thus we see that the poet, Thomson, in 1734, anticipated Goldsmith, who erroneously believed that trade made England a splendid but an unhappy land, since by it the poor were made to pay higher prices for the simple necessities of life that were still the same. The rich having become richer, in order to gratify luxurious tastes, desired to enlarge their estates by

seizing the domains of the small landholders. These small farms were the sole means of producing the necessaries of life which enabled poor freeholders to keep themselves from the misery consequent to unfair, forced competition with capital or trust. And by being forced to give up their small farms, the country folk were compelled to emigrate; therefore, England was being fast depopulated.

294. In all the glaring impotence of dress. Read *The Bee*, II., *On Dress*. The observations made by Cousin Hannah to Cousin Jeffrey are very amusing as well as instructive. They are in the Park and she says : "There goes Mrs. Roundabout—I mean the fat lady in the lute-string trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are now taking six penny worth of tea at the White Conduit House. Odious puss ! how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her ! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lute-string wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone."

305. common's fenceless limits. We know that seven hundred Enclosure Acts were passed from 1760 to 1774. According to Hales the poet ignored "the fact that 'half a tillage stinted the plains' [l. 40], where the old Commons lay extended. If the enclosure were made without proper compensation to the Commoners, then assuredly nothing can be more shameful."

Goldsmith assumed that all lands which were secured by the rich were kept for parks or remained uncultivated.

321. Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square. This is a very finely phrased line that recalls Johnson's *London*:—

"But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Lords of the street, and terrors of the way,  
Flush'd as they are, with folly, youth, and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train, and golden coach."

326. the poor houseless shivering female. The reader should by all means read *The City Night-Piece* in *The Bee*, IV. to understand how Goldsmith used its material in padding out 326-336.

"Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve ! Poor houseless creatures ! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief.

"Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility ? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse ?"

Goldsmith in 326-336 anticipates Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, 82-90, and *To a Mountain Daisy*, 31-36, and Hood's *The Bridge of Sighs*.

330. Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. This is as fine a line as "the rathe primrose that forsaken dies" of Milton's, or any expressed by Shakspere in adoration of the flower :—

" . . . pale primroses  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength — a malady  
Most incident to maids. . . ."

In *The Citizen of the World*, Letter XCV., Goldsmith shows his great love for Nature by writing: ". . . to him a parterre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him a little brook the fountain of the young peach-trees; to such a man the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the touch of the finest pencil."

Line 330 makes us cry out, Would that Goldsmith had written *The Deserted Village* thirty years later with no restrictions imposed by the models set by his contemporaries!

340. they ask a little bread. The simple folk were not guilty of "aspiring beggary," which according to Goldsmith "is wretchedness itself."

341. To distant climes. Goldsmith's idea of emigration must have been inspired by these lines from Johnson's *London* :—

" Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,  
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?  
No secret island in the boundless main?  
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain ?  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
For where can starving merit find a home?"

344. Altama. The Altamaha, a river in Georgia.

345. Far different there. Hales states: "He [Goldsmith]

knows not, or he ignores, the happier side of the exile's prospects. He cannot fancy his hearth blazing as brightly on the other shore of the Atlantic as in the old country, or picture any 'smiling village' there with gay swains and coy-glancing maidens." Has this sentiment been expressed anywhere in *The Traveller*?

355. Where crouching tigers. Goldsmith not only places tigers in Georgia and Canada, but also in England. Cf. *The Citizen of the World*, Letter CVI.: ". . . and the very tigers start from the forest with sympathetic concern."

389. to sickly greatness grown. Cf. *The Traveller*, note on 144.

396. business of destruction done. Cf. *The Citizen of the World*, Letter XXV.: ". . . colonies, by draining away the brave and enterprising, leave the country in the hands of the timid and avaricious."

According to Goldsmith the villagers take with them six virtues, and leave behind the seven deadly sins; and they, who are termed refuse by the rich, are composed of "the laborious and enterprising—of such men as can be serviceable to their country at home—of men who ought to be regarded as the sinews of the people, and cherished with every degree of political indulgence."

407. sweet poetry. Goldsmith's definitions of poetry are excellent, and bear quoting, such as: ". . . if we consider poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the noblest sentiments of heroism and patriot virtue, to regale the sense with the sounds of musical expression, while the fancy is ravished with enchanting images,

and the heart warmed to rapture and ecstasy, we must allow that poetry is a perfection to which nature would gladly aspire . . . " and, "It is a species of painting with words, in which the figures are happily conceived, ingeniously arranged, affectingly expressed, and recommended with all the warmth and harmony of colouring: it consists of imagery, description, metaphors, similes, and sentiments, adapted with propriety to the subject, so contrived and executed as to soothe the ear, surprise and delight the fancy, mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and please the understanding."

409. in these degenerate times. Four years before the publication of this poem, Goldsmith had written in *The Vicar of Wakefield*: "English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection—a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense." Since Dodsley had published the quarto of February, 1751, little had been done in making true poetry, with the exception of Gray's *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*.

410. To catch the heart. This is just what Goldsmith's poetry does, and precisely what that of his contemporaries does not. In *The Citizen of the World* he writes: "In a word, the great faults of the modern professed English poets are, that they seem to want numbers which should vary with the passion, and are more employed in describing to the imagination than striking at the heart."

412. My shame in crowds. We all know from Boswell concerning Goldsmith's inability to shine in conversation at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho. It was Johnson who said

of him, "That no man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

414. That found'st me poor at first. In a letter written to his brother-in-law, December 27, 1757, he says, "In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty. . . . Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret."

418. Torno. Lake Tornea in north Sweden.

418. Pambamarca. A mountain near Quito, Ecuador.

424. Teach. Note the didactic element in Goldsmith's poetry. Does it detract from its merits?

### THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

This excellent bit of modified classicism was published December 19, 1764. Goldsmith was indebted for his material to Addison's *Letter from Italy*, 1701, and Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749, with occasional gleanings and aids from Thomson and Collins. In the *Dedication* of the first edition the poet thought his poem would please a very small circle, and gave a very satisfactory reason that, since the heart is too often wrongly placed, many of his shafts of pathos would fly at random. Goldsmith seems to have correctly estimated the favor it would meet with the general public; but, in that small

circle of which he had spoken, it was at once warmly received. As soon as it was published, Johnson in a review pronounced its technique so satisfactory that it only remained to discover whether Goldsmith was a just estimator of comparative happiness; and, after proving this, he tersely said that not since Pope had there been anything equal to this masterpiece. Miss Reynolds said, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly," and her brother said, "I was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language," which remark caused Ursa Major to growl out, "The merit of *The Traveller* is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." Nor has it lost caste through all these years, since all sincere critics join with Macaulay in saying: "The execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophic poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds."

1. slow. "Chamier once asked him what he meant by 'slow,' the last word in the first line of 'The Traveller.' . . . Did he mean tardiness of locomotion? Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered, 'Yes.' I was sitting by, and said, 'No, sir; you do not mean tardiness of

locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' Chamier believed then that I had written the line as much as if he had seen me write it."—Johnson, BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*. The whole line foreshadows the tender pathos pervading the poem.

2. Scheldt. The Scheldt is a river between Holland and Belgium.

3. Carinthian. Carinthia is a province in the western part of Austria.

5. Campania's plain. The Campagna of Rome.

9. to my brother turns. "I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong, active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a bag wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. . . .

"I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted an hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have brought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed

with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? For every occupation but our own? This desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate?" — *Letter to his brother, Rev. Henry Goldsmith, at Lowfield, near Ballymore, in Westmeath, Ireland, 1759.*

10. a lengthening chain. "The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken; by every remove I only drag a greater length of chain." — *The Citizen of the World, Letter III.*

Indeed, "interposing trackless deserts" never did blot the "reverend figure" of his brother, Henry, from his memory.

21. press the bashful stranger to his food. Cf. Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, 97: "An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid. . . ."

24. My prime of life in wandering spent and care. "When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease everywhere but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive." — *The Bee, I. A Letter from a Traveller.*

26. Some fleeting good. "If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me,

that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade ; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty ; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue ; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game." — *The Citizen of the World*, Letter LXXIII.

29. My fortune leads to traverse realms alone. From 1752-1756 he was the pilgrim who made the Grand Tour on foot. Fate had no post-chaise for him. Think of Gray, Walpole, Shelley, and especially Byron, in their continental wanderings.

41. school-taught. Stoical.

57. oft a sigh prevails. "Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance." — *The Bee*.

We know according to Irving and Thackeray how generous Goldsmith was to the poor, how he relieved the distressed woman in the street by giving her his last guinea, and how ever his "purse and his heart were everybody's and his friends' as much as his own." We often think that, if in fourteen years Goidy could throw away £8000, it served him right to die £2000 in debt ; but in passing this judgment we should take into consideration the pitiable objects of charity which were ever climbing Breakneck Stairs of Green Arbor Court, or congregating near the Sign of the Broom in Islington, or were shivering in the winter storms near the Temple, or strolling along Edgeware Road. Much can be forgiven the man, who, at the beginning of his literary career, had written, " You know my heart ; and that all who are miserable may claim a place there."

72. And thanks his gods. Cf. Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, 88 : "Take the good the gods provide thee." These lines, 69-72, were struck off at a white heat of modified classicism.

81. Nature, a mother kind. Cf. Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto II :—

"Dear Nature is the kindest mother still . . ."

84. 'On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side. Idria is a town in the mountains of Carniola. It was in a forest on "Arno's shelvy side" that Shelley wrote :—

"Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"

— *Ode to the West Wind*.

87. art. ". . . taste is composed of nature improved by art. . . ." — *Essay XII*.

91-98. The fine sentiment here is plainly anticipatory of the central idea or theme of *The Deserted Village*.

103. neglected shrub. Here is romanticism strongly in evidence. As Gray admired the mountains, so Goldsmith the steep; and, by his notice of the neglected shrub, he becomes a forerunner of Burns, who made Mossiel farm famous by the *Mountain Daisy* :—

"But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble field,  
Unseen, alone."

105. Far to the right, where Apennine ascends. Contrast this retouching or unconscious plagiarism of Addisonian mate-

rial, 105-122, with Shelley's *Lines written among the Euganean Hills* :—

“ ‘Tis the noon of autumn’s glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolved star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon’s bound  
To the point of heaven’s profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky;  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath. . . .”

\* \* \* \* \*  
And the red and golden vines,  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,  
Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet; the line  
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded. . . .”

Carefully note the attitude of English poetry in 1818 toward the external world. Compare the vocabulary or diction of modified classicism with that of exuberant romanticism.

144. plethoric. “ In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness; their former opulence only rendered them more impotent.” — *The Citizen of the World*. [MITFORD, Pickering, 1839.]

150. The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade. Goldsmith explains such in III. of *The Present State of Polite Learning*, when he says of Italy: "Happy country . . . where the wits even of Rome are united into a rural group of nymphs and swains, under the appellation of modern Arcadians; where in the midst of porticoes, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turned shepherds, and shepherdesses without sheep indulge their innocent *divertimenti*." [MIRFORD, Pickering, 1839.]

154. The sports of children satisfy the child. The reader will find the following anecdote interesting in throwing light on the couplet, 153-154.

"Either Reynolds, or a mutual friend who immediately communicated the story to him, called at the lodgings of the Poet, opened the door without ceremony, and discovered him, not in meditation, or in the throes of poetic birth, but in the boyish office of teaching a favourite dog to sit upright upon its haunches, or, as is commonly said, to beg. Occasionally he glanced his eye over his desk, and occasionally shook his finger at his unwilling pupil in order to make him retain his position, while on the page before him was written that couplet, with the ink of the second line still wet, from the description of Italy,—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child." — PRIOR."

Dobson says, "Something of consonance between the verses and the writer's occupation seems at once to have struck the visitor, and Goldsmith frankly admitted that the one had suggested the other."

159. Cæsars. Cf. Byron's *Manfred*, III. iv.:—

"While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. . . ."

Again note the budding of the flower of romanticism.

169. the barren hills. Thomson in his *Liberty* does not ignore the beauty of Alpine scenery. We read of "shaggy mountains" that charm, and in Collins's *Ode to Liberty* there is the couplet:—

"Ah no! more pleased thy haunts I seek,  
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak . . ."

and phrases written of Britain's wild grandeur: "cliff sublime and hoary," "wolfish mountains," "a wide wild storm," and "the shouldering billows." It was on these crude materials that Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth erected their sublime nature descriptions.

173. the mountain's breast. Cf. Milton's *L' Allegro*:—

"Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest. . . ."

## 186. Breasts. It is unnecessary to criticise adversely Mitford, Masson, and Hales, for substituting "breathes" for "breasts" in their texts; the first word is banal, the second lends vigor.

193. Smiles by his cheerful fire. Cf. Burns's *To Dr. Blacklock*:—

"To make a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life."

Note how the couplets convey conceptions that are decidedly romantic in giving us that "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin." Cf. 205-206.

244. With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire. Goldsmith did not visit France again until July, 1770. He and "the Jessamy Bride" were chaperoned by Mrs. Horneck. The author of *The Deserted Village* must have had many thoughts of "auld lang syne" as he passed from Calais to Paris by the way of Lisle. The unknown tramp-boy, who had poorly piped on pastoral reed fifteen years before, had finally wandered into the hall of fame in pastoral poetry. His touch of the lute was no longer harsh or faltering, and all Europe was to praise his "wondrous power." 244-251. Read in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Chap. XX., the adventures of George Primrose which largely form a part of Goldsmith's autobiography.

253. gestic. Gesticulatory, used in reference to the manner of dancing.

276. frieze. A shaggy woollen cloth tufted with nap on one side.

286. rampire. A rampart or bulwark.

299. Industrious habits. In a letter written to his uncle Contarine from Leyden Goldsmith described Holland as follows:—

"Nothing can equal its beauty. Wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, presented themselves, but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; everyone is usefully employed."

313. Belgic. Goldsmith confuses the Belgians with the Dutch.

319. Arcadian. Cf. Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*: "the dales of Arcady."

320. Hydaspes. The river Jelum of Punjaub, India, famed by reason of its figuring in the verse of Virgil and Horace.

325. Stern o'er each bosom. 325-334. These lines had the honor of being quoted by Johnson, Saturday, October 23, 1773: — "After a good night's rest, we breakfasted at our leisure. We talked of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and while I was helping him on with his great coat, he repeated from it the character of the British nation, which he did with such energy, that the tear started into his eye: —

'Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state

\* \* \* \* \*

And learns to venerate himself as man.'"

— BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*.

362. to flatter kings, or court the great. "Having one day a call to wait on the late duke, then Earl of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room. I asked him what had brought him there: he told me an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. . . . I retired, and staid in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out I asked him the result of his conversation: 'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read my poem,' meaning *The Traveller*, 'and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad

to do me any kindness.' And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer? 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support, they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.'" — SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Compare with this anecdote Dr. Johnson's letter, written February 7, 1755, to Lord Chesterfield: "Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. . . .

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have

been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s most humble,

“ Most obedient servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

Note that Goldsmith dedicated *The Traveller* to his poor brother, and *The Deserted Village* to Reynolds, and *She Stoops to Conquer* to Johnson.

381. contending chiefs. “ It is not yet decided in politics whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home.”

— Goldsmith’s *Preface to History of England*,

cited by MITFORD.

Read Goldsmith’s *Essay IX. National Concord*.

Mitford further cites *The Vicar of Wakefield*: “ It is the interest of the great to diminish kingly power as much as possible.” The Whigs in two factions were trying to win in opposition to the Tories, who ardently clung to George III. as a king *de jure*.

386. Laws grind the poor. Mitford throws light on this line from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Chap. XIX. : —

“ What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the

poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for monarchy, sacred monarchy : for if there be anything sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed Sovereign of his people ; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject."

Thus we see Goldsmith's attitude toward the whole question of how far a king should control a nation.

411. Oswego. Cf. *Threnodia Augustalis* :—

"Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,  
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave. . . ."

In the whole passage, 401-412, there are felt the tiny particles of the great mass of things to come in *The Deserted Village*.

420. To stop too fearful. "Johnson wrote line 420 . . . and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but one."

— MITFORD.

436. Luke's iron crown. George and Luke Doza headed a desperate rebellion in Hungary in 1514 that proved to be a failure, and as a punishment George, not Luke, was hot-potted with a molten crown. According to Prior, Goldsmith used the name Luke to avoid any allusion to his sovereign, George III.

436. Damiens' bed of steel. The reference is to Robert François Damiens, who tried to assassinate Louis XV. in 1757. He was tortured in an iron bed-chair in the Conciergerie, and was afterward executed.

## THE HERMIT

THIS ballad was probably written sometime after October 28, 1762, and was privately printed in 1765 for the Countess of

Northumberland. For a little of his material Goldsmith was indebted to Percy's *The Gentle Herdsman*. He loved the ballad form of verse exceedingly and in *The Bee* he has told us that "The music of Mattei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy maid sang me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen." Sir John Hawkins said of the ballad that it was "one of the finest poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of," and Goldsmith liked it so much that he said, "As to my 'Hermit,' that poem cannot be amended." By its contents we feel Goldsmith's susceptibility to the romanticism which received such an impetus from the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in 1765. In the following year it was inserted in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

The following letter, addressed to the printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, appeared in that paper in June, 1767: —

"SIR, — As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended *Blainville's Travels* because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published: but in that it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago from one<sup>1</sup> by the ingenious

<sup>1</sup> "The Friar of Orders Gray." — *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I., p. 243.

Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

### WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY

"I SAID, 'Do you like Goldsmith's *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly?*' And he replied, 'I love it.'"

— *Locke-Lampson to Tennyson, Memoir II*, 73.

Compare in quality the sentiment of that lyric which he so often sang to the tune of *The Humours of Balamagairy* and intended to insert in *She Stoops to Conquer*:—

"Ah, me! when shall I marry me ?

Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me:

He, fond youth, that could carry me,

Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

"But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:  
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover:  
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover."

### ELEGY WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

5. Islington. ". . . continuing my course to the west, I soon arrived at an unwalled town, called Islington.

"Islington is a pretty, neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells; it has a small lake, or rather pond, in the midst, though at present very much neglected."

— *The Citizen of the World*, Letter CXXII.

It was in "this fair and beautiful town" that Goldsmith lived from 1762 to 1764, and it was here that the burlesque elegy was probably written to be kept for insertion in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

### AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

THIS pleasant bit of nonsense was printed in *The Bee*, 1759, and possesses the same characteristics of style as that of the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*. By some fine critics it is regarded as a classic of its kind. Dobson says, "in the 'Elegy

on Mrs. Mary Blaize,' borrowing a trick from the old song of M. de la Palisse, and an epigrammatic finish from Voltaire, he contrives to laugh anew at the many imitators of Gray."

26. Kent Street. Goldsmith, in 1756, after returning from his European wanderings, practised medicine at Bankside, Southwark, where, according to Dobson, "he must have made the acquaintance of that worshipful Madam Blaize, whom, three years later, he celebrated in *The Bee*. 'Kent street,' he sings—

well may say  
That had she lived a twelvemonth more  
She had not died to-day.'

and Kent Street, then sacred to beggars and broom men, traverses Southwark."

### EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL

1. Parnell. Dr. Thomas Parnell, 1679-1718, Archdeacon of Clogher, a friend of Pope's, an essayist, and a poet of no mean ability. "Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid" in such fine bits of poetry as *Hymn to Contentment*, the *Night-Piece on Death*, and *The Hermit*. His last-named, "sweetly moral lay," in heroic couplets, is, as Goldsmith said, the best known and the one on which "his best reputation is grounded." The *Night-Piece on Death* deserves the high praise given it by Goldsmith, who, in his *Life of Dr. Parnell*, said it "might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and churchyard scenes

that have since appeared." Thus, it is evident, he preferred it to Blair's *Grave*, to Young's *Night Thoughts*, and even to Gray's *Elegy*.

This *Epitaph* was written in 1770 at the time Goldsmith published his *Life of Dr. Parnell*.

### STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

This poem was first printed in *The Busy Body*, 1759. It is decidedly original, and therefore is to be set apart from those trifles which Goldsmith at this time was striking off from French models. One should note that the poem is cast in heroic quatrains, in which Gray had written his *Elegy*. This is surprising from one who, in 1759, disliked any departure from the heroic couplet style of verse.

5. Wolfe. Goldsmith was always a fervent patriot, being ever jealous of England's honor at home and abroad ; and by reason of this, and because, as some think, he was a relative of Wolfe's, it was very natural for him to write lines commemorating the heroic death of the General on the Heights of Abraham.

### SONGS

*The Wretch Condemned with Life to Part* and *O Memory ! Thou Fond Deceiver* were published in 1776 ; they are songs taken from *The Captivity : an Oratorio*, written in 1704, but not published until 1820.

*Ah, Me! When Shall I Marry Me?* is a song intended to have been sung in *She Stoops to Conquer*, but was omitted because the lady, Mrs. Bulkley, who took the part of Miss Hardcastle, could not sing.

In June, 1774, Boswell sent the song to the editor of the *London Magazine* with the following note of explanation:—

"SIR,—I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Humours of Balamagairy,' to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relick in his own handwriting with an affectionate care.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Note the similar sentiment contained in the exquisite *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly*.

## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON

THIS tripping trifle in thought and metre was written in the spring of 1771 and was published in 1776. Croker says, "The leading idea of 'Haunch of Venison' is taken from Boileau's third satire (which itself was no doubt suggested by Horace's raillery of the banquet of Nasidienus), and two or three passages which one would *a priori* have pronounced the most original and natural, are clearly copied from the French poet." In March, 1771, Goldsmith had gone down from London to Gosfield, Essex, or to Bath, with Lord Clare, afterward Earl Nugent, a jovial countryman of his who dabbled in poetry, and on returning to town addressed to him this piece which by its metre must have nearly crazed old Johnson, who no doubt thought heroic couplets had been stressed into anapestic tetrameters so as to correspond with the dancing steps of an idiot, — "the inspired idiot" of Walpole's.

14. bounce. A lie.

18. Byrne. A nephew of Lord Clare's.

21. Reynolds. Sir Joshua, the artist who was a member of the Literary Club.

24. Monroe. Miss Dorothy Monroe.

27. H—rth, and Hiff. William Hogarth, the famous painter and engraver, and Dr. Paul Hiffernan, an Irishman who frequently dipped into Goldsmith's purse. Coley is Colman, the elder.

29. Higgins. Captain Higgins, a friend of Goldsmith's who aided him in getting even with his literary enemy, Kenrick.

34: ruffles, when wanting a shirt. In a letter written January,

1770, to his brother Maurice, Goldsmith says, "Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt."

37. under-bred, fine spoken fellow. Possibly this is a reference to Goldsmith's great prose character, Beau Tibbs,—the second-rate beau, who, like a chameleon, lived on air, and yet was ever hungry for turbot, or ortolan, and ox-cheek.

55. this venison. "We need not follow the vanished venison—which did not make its appearance at the banquet any more than did Johnson or Burke—farther than to say that if Lord Clare did not make it good to the poet he did not deserve to have his name associated with such a clever and careless *jeu d'esprit*."—BLACK, E. M. L.

60. "nobody with me at sea but myself." According to Dobson, it is a bit of quotation from one of the love letters of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, to the Countess Grosvenor.

72. Thrale. On September 7, 1771, Goldsmith writes to Langton: "Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor, and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's." Johnson was fond of visiting the Thrales at their fine country place at Streatham.

78. Panurge. The arrant rogue in Rabelais's *Pantagruel*. ". . . the side strokes (perfectly perceptible to Lord Clare) at Parson Scott in 'Cinna' and 'Panurge,' the vulgar effusiveness of the hungry North Briton and the neat fidelity of the Jew's 'I like these here dinners so pretty and small' are all perfect in their way. Nor should the skill with which Goldsmith manages to suggest that he is 'among' but not 'of' the company, be overlooked."—DOBSON.

115. Sad Philomel. Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 56-57.

## RETALIATION

THIS poem was published April 19, two weeks after the death of Goldsmith, and was occasioned, according to Mitford, by the following occurrences : "Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. . . . Garrick wrote, offhand, with a good deal of humour, an epitaph on Goldsmith. Dr. Bernard also gave him an epitaph. Sir Joshua sketched his bust in pen and ink." Garrick's epitaph was : —

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Johnson and Burke did not write epitaphs.

Cumberland in his *Memoirs* gives an interesting account of the meeting and of how Goldsmith retaliated at the next meeting, at which for the last time he enjoyed the company of his friends.

Davies in his *Life of Garrick* says : "In no part of his works has this author discovered a more nice and critical discernment, or a more perfect knowledge of human nature, than in this poem ; with wonderful art he has traced all the leading features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristical peculiarities of each : no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered."

1. **Scarron.** According to Dobson, Goldsmith had just been translating Scarron's *Roman Comique*, and, thinking of the famous picnic dinners, compares his friends to dishes.

3. landlord. The host of St. James's coffee-house.
5. Dean. Dean of Derry, Dr. Barnard.
6. Burke. Edmund Burke.
7. Will. William Burke, a relation of Edmund Burke's and late secretary to General Conway.
8. Dick. Richard Burke, a lawyer and younger brother of Edmund's.
9. Cumberland. Richard Cumberland, the chief dramatist of the sentimental school. His finest play is *West Indian*, 1771.
10. Douglas. The Canon of Windsor, a Scotchman.
11. Garrick. The famous actor, David Garrick.
14. Ridge. John Ridge, an Irish lawyer. Reynolds, Sir Joshua.
15. Hickey. A bustling Irish lawyer, who had been especially a bore to Goldsmith on his second visit to France in 1770.
29. Edmund. Northcote says: "We then spoke of 'Retaliation,' and praised the character of Burke in particular as a masterpiece. Nothing that he had ever said or done but what was foretold in it: nor was he painted as the principal figure in the foreground with the partiality of a friend, or as the great man of the day, but with a background of history, showing both what he was and what he might have been."
34. Townshend. T. Townshend, M. P., who afterward became Lord Sydney.
43. William. See note on 7.
51. Richard. See note on 8.
54. breaking a limb. He was unfortunate on separate occasions to break an arm and a leg.

62. Terence. Publius Terentius Afer, a celebrated Roman comic poet. He was born at Carthage about 195 b.c., and died in 159 or 158 b.c. George Colman made an excellent translation of Terence into English verse in 1764.

86. Dodds. Rev. Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery in 1777. Dr. Johnson tried his best to save him.

86. Kenrick. Dr. Kenrick, who prompted the scurrilous *Tom Tickle* letter, which hinted at Goldsmith's being enamored of "the Jessamy Bride," and which caused Goldsmith to use personal violence on Evans.

87. Macpherson. James Macpherson, the author of *Ossian*. The allusion is to his translation of Homer.

89. Lauders and Bowers. William Lauder and Archibald Bower, who were Scotch authors.

95. actor. Tom Davies, the veteran actor, says: "the sum of all that can be said for and against Mr. Garrick, some people think, may be found in these lines of Goldsmith [93-124] . . . Garrick's features in the *Retaliation* are somewhat exaggerated."

115. Kelly. Hugh Kelly, the dramatist, whose sentimental comedy, *False Delicacy*, in Garrick's hands took away the laurels from Goldsmith's *The Good-Natured Man* in 1768. He also wrote an inferior drama, *A Word to the Wise*, 1770.

115. Woodfall. William Woodfall, printer of *The Morning Chronicle*.

118. be-Roscius'd. Garrick was styled "the British Roscius." Quintus Roscius (d. 60 b.c.) was a famous Roman actor.

124. Beaumonts and Bens. Francis Beaumont, 1586-1616,

was an Elizabethan dramatist who collaborated with John Fletcher in producing about fifty plays, of which *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy* are the best. Ben Jonson, 1573?–1637, was the greatest Elizabethan dramatist continuing after Shakespeare's death. His finest play is *The Alchemist*.

145. Raphaels, Correggios. Sanzio Raffaelle (Raphael), 1483–1520, was an Italian painter whose renowned works are the "Sistine Madonna" in Dresden, "La Belle Jardinière," "St. George and the Dragon," "St. Michael" in the Louvre, the "Vision of Ezekiel" in Florence, the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican at Rome, and the "Marriage of the Virgin" in Milan. Antonio Allegri da Correggio, 1494–1534, was also a great Italian painter. Among his masterpieces are "The Reading Magdalen" and "Night" in Dresden, "The Ascension" in Parma, and the "Ecce Homo" in London.

146. Prior is responsible for supplying "By flattery unspoiled" as a beginning for line 147. If we can believe him, then these words were tagged on to *Retaliation*, being the last ever penned by poor Goldy.

Goldsmith had drawn Burke and Garrick with Chaucerian humor of satire, and his portrait of Reynolds, though unfinished, by the genial good will and delicacy of expression, shows that when Johnson's turn would have come there would have been nothing portrayed of the bear but his skin.

Garrick, who had ever been a facile friend or time server [*"He cast off his friends . . . he could whistle them back."*] to Goldsmith, was so stirred up by the poignancy of bitter truth that he composed the following squib of invective as a reply to *Retaliation* :—

*Jupiter and Mercury: a Fable*

"Here, *Hermes*, says *Jove*, who with nectar was mellow,  
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an *odd fellow*:  
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross,  
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross;  
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,  
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;  
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,  
Turn'd to *learning* and *gaming*, *religion*, and *raking*.  
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;  
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his lips with fine taste:  
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail.  
Set fire to his head, and set fire to the tail;  
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,  
*This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.*  
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,  
And among brother mortals—be Goldsmith his name;  
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,  
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him—to make us sport here."

Carefully note that the last three important poems of Goldsmith were written in ambling anapests. Why did he not write *The Haunch of Venison*, the verse in the letter to Mrs. Bumbury, and *Retaliation*, in iambic pentameter?

## DRAMAS

## THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

GOLDSMITH began this comedy in 1766. He was disgusted with the comedies which contained neither wit nor gayety of parts, nor nature, nor true humor, in conception of plot or character-portrayal. In *The Present State of Polite Learning* he had lashed the dramatic requirement of excellence that had been set by Garrick, and had continued his disapproval of the condition of the English stage in *The Bee*, *The Citizen of the World*, and his *Essays*.

The comedy of tears or of forced sentiment had arisen from a desire on the part of purists to remove the plague legacy of immorality which had been left by the dramatists of the Restoration Period. Steele's attempt in *The Conscious Lovers* of 1722 made possible the ephemeral existence of a mosquito cloud of dramatists such as Kelly, Foote, Cumberland, Colman the elder, and Macklin.

Goldsmith had little patience with such a play as Charles Colman's *Love à-la-Mode* of 1759, or for such a piece as George Colman's *The Jealous Wife* of 1761; but he was very much impressed by Colman and Garrick's *The Clandestine Marriage*, 1766, since he detected in it signs of hostility toward seriousness. Therefore, he thought he would contribute to the cause of reformation *The Good-Natured Man*, which he had finished early in 1767. He desired to submit the play to Gar-

rick, but was conscious of the criticisms that had been written in his prose writings on the condition of the English drama, and of the fact that the great actor had refused to vote for him as Secretary of the Royal Academy. Perhaps Garrick did read his manuscript, and gave a gentle hint to Johnson that Drury Lane could not accept such a play. So, in any case, we can understand why Covent Garden obtained the privilege of putting it on. Goldsmith would not toady, would not flatter an actor and please an audience. When Colman the elder, manager of Covent Garden, the formidable rival of Garrick, was asked to stage the comedy, the "avaricious" manager of Drury Lane at once rushed Kelly's new sentimental play, *False Delicacy*, which for eight nights, from January 23, 1768, on, had a phenomenal run, taking the town by storm. By the success of *False Delicacy* it is easy to comprehend the reluctance with which Colman set in a motion a doubtful comedy. However, to please Johnson, Burke, and the poet dressed in Tyrian bloom and satin grain and blue silk breeches, he ran it for nine nights; removing in its course the bailiff scene. Though it brought £400 to the disconsolate author, yet it was largely a failure, by reason of the "finessing and trick" of Johnson's erstwhile pupil,— David Garrick.

Davies, a very finely trained actor, in his *Life of Garrick*, says: "Two characters in this comedy were absolutely unknown before to the English stage; a man who boasts an intimacy with persons of high rank whom he never saw, and another who is almost always lamenting misfortunes he never knew. Croaker is highly designed, and as strongly finished a portrait of a discontented man, of one who disturbs every

happiness he possesses, from apprehension of distant evil, as any character of Congreve, or any other of our English dramatists. Shuter acted Croaker with that warm glee of fancy, and genuine flow of humour, that always accompanied his best and most animated performance."

### *Prologue*

Bensley. Robert Bensley, 1738-1817. He was a great actor, especially an excellent Iago. He retired from the stage in 1796. See *Dramatis Personæ*.

22. Crispin. St. Crispin was the patron saint of shoemakers.

### *Act the First*

398. Almack's. Goldsmith is referring to the assembly rooms in King Street, St. James.

400. painted ruins. These were situated at the ends of the prominent walks in Old Vauxhall Gardens.

500. trip to Scotland. Read Goldsmith's *Essay XXIII., Scottish Marriages*.

### *Act the Second*

292. land-carriage fishery. In 1761 machines for carrying fish by land were established.

292. jag-hire. In India, the assigning of a piece of land to a person for life.

### *Act the Third*

81. Smoke. Take notice of. Cf. Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Letter VI.: "I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint."

105. Morocco. Mr. Flanigan had been Merry Andrew to a puppet-show.

150. Hawke or Amherst. In 1759, Admiral Hawke had defeated the French in Quiberon Bay. General Amherst ought to interest American students, since he captured Ticonderoga.

*Act the Fourth*

270. incendiary letter. "Goldsmith owned that he was indebted for his first conception of the character of Croaker to Johnson's *Suspirius* in the *Rambler*. Croaker's reading the incendiary letter in the fourth act was received with a roar of approbation." — MITFORD.

454. Loretto. The house at Loretto in Italy. Tradition says that while at Nazareth, the Virgin Mary lived in this house, which before 1291 had had many changes of location.

*Act the Fifth*

398. Paoli; Squilachi. Pascal Paoli, the patriot of Corsica, at that time in London; Squillaci was the Spanish Prime Minister.

400. Count Poniatowski. Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, who was Poland's last king.

449. the Gazetteer. A daily paper noted for its satirical articles. Samuel Richardson for a time supervised its sheets.

449. St. James's. The *St. James's Chronicle*.

450. Wildman's. A London coffee-house frequented by politicians.

*Epilogue*

Mrs. Bulkley. This actress afterward took the part of Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

18. Warwick-Lane. According to Dobson, Wren's old College of Physicians, situated in Warwick Lane, at that time was in warm quarrel about the exclusion of certain Licentiates from Fellowships.

19. manager. George Colman, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

THIS comic masterpiece, which still successfully holds the stage, was in manuscript form by the beginning of 1772. Goldsmith, in a letter to Langton, September 7, 1771, intimates that for three months at Edgeware he had been trying to make people laugh. "There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests, with a most tragical countenance." He was trying to redeem the failure of *The Good-Natured Man* by producing a play which would effect a complete reaction against make-believe comedies such as Foote's *The Lame Lover*, 1770, Kelly's *A Word to the Wise*, 1770, and Cumberland's *The West Indian*, 1771. For a long time, a year, the manuscript remained in the hands of Colman; who seems to have presaged for it utmost failure, being even less favorably impressed with it than he had been with *The Good-Natured Man*. Hot-headed Goldy finally secured its return from Colman and, enraged at the emendations found therein, sent it on to Garrick for acceptance. Johnson did not acquiesce in this plan, thinking that injustice had been done Colman and advised Goldsmith to ask Garrick for the return of the manuscript. So, on February 6,

1773, Goldsmith wrote to Garrick who diplomatically returned the play.

Johnson was sure of the success of the comedy, expressing himself on February 24, in strong language, "The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable."

When Garrick, listing to the wind that was blowing against sentimental comedy, wrote for the play a prologue which indicated that he had departed from his Kelly of 1768 and all sentimental, moral preaching, and since Foote had just burlesqued current lowness of dramatic humor in his *The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens*, Colman decided to give it a chance.

However, up to the last moment, it seemed that English comedy would go on weeping and tragedy laughing, and sentimental mulish sterility would keep this delightful play from passing from rehearsal to the boards proper, for the child had not been named. From Northcote we know that Reynolds suggested, "You ought to call it *The Belle's Stratagem*, and if you do not I will damn it." But Goldsmith remembering his Dryden insisted on giving it the major and the sub-title which it now possesses.

At last, on March 15, 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer* was acted at Covent Garden, and as to how London received the new play on its first night we must turn to Cumberland who, in his *Memoirs*, has a delightful story of how Goldy's friends went from Shakespeare Tavern to help out the play. He says, "All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in the front row of a side box, and when he laughed everybody thought themselves warranted to roar." Johnson acted so outrageously that everybody in the

theatre paid more attention to him than to the play, and Cumberland says he had to cease his signals for causing laughter.

The comedy would have succeeded in spite of this pre-arranged flapping. Johnson's ill-timed guffaws and Colman's surly remarks in the wings could not damage the mirror which had been set up to nature. Everywhere in the house was genuine laughter. Northcote was once asked by Goldsmith, "Did it make you laugh?" "Exceedingly," he replied. "Then," said the Doctor, "that is all I require."

And where was Goldsmith on this fateful night, was he costumed as he had been for *The Good-Natured Man*? No; he was walking the Mall in despair lest 1768 should overtake 1773. Some one found him there and suggested that they might cut his piece as they had done in 1768. So he hurried to the theatre and entered just as Act V. 2 was on, where Mrs. Hardcastle is forty miles from home. The audience was hissing this as an improbability. In an agony of apprehension he ran up to the manager exclaiming, "What's that! What's that!" "Pshaw! Doctor," replied Colman, in a sarcastic tone, "don't be terrified at squibs when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." It is said Goldy never quite forgave Colman for spoiling the evening. However, he did not weep as on the first night of *The Good-Natured Man*, for he must have been told of his great success, which was to make his comedy run for twelve nights and win the approbation of royalty.

Davies says, "genius presides over every scene in this play," and, after likening Marlow to Lord Hardy in Steele's *Funeral*, he goes on to say, "Tony Lumpkin is . . . a most diverting portrait of ignorance, rusticity, low cunning, and obstinacy."

"Hardcastle, his wife and daughter, I think, are absolutely new; the language is easy and characteristical; the manners of the times are slightly, but faithfully, represented; the satire is not ostentatiously displayed, but incidentally involved in the business of the play, and the suspense of the audience is artfully kept up to the last. This comedy was very well acted. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin were supported in a masterly style by Shuter and Quick; so was Miss Hardcastle by Mrs. Bulkley. Mrs. Green in Mrs. Hardcastle maintained her just title to one of the best comic actresses of the age."

Goldsmith got his "three tolerable benefits" of between £400 and £500, besides what afterward came from Newbery who published the play in cheap book form.

#### *Prologue*

12. Shuter. See *Dramatis Personæ*.
15. Ned. Edward Shuter, the actor.

#### *Act I.—1*

21. Prince Eugene. Eugene of Savoy was the Duke of Marlborough's ally at Blenheim in 1704.

30. Joan. Darby and Joan represent a contented, rustic couple.

#### *Act I.—2*

7. song. "We drank tea with the ladies, and Goldsmith sung Tony Lumpkin's song in his comedy," writes Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*. If Tony is an illiterate rascal, how can he be the author of such a fine lyric?

49. "Water Parted." These words are in a song contained in *Artaxerxes*, an opera of Arne's.

50. Ariadne. The opera *Ariadne* of Handel's which contained a fine minuet.

125. trapesing. This word and "trolleying," in reference to women, are used to suggest lack of manners and carelessness in dress.

185. inn. Goldsmith, when a boy, going to school at Edgeworthstown, once made the mistake of taking a gentleman's house for an inn. See Dobson's *Oliver Goldsmith*, p. 10.

### *Act II.—I*

9. warren. A piece of ground for breeding and keeping rabbits.

174. duchesses. Common wenches or women, who at theatres palmed themselves off as belonging to the nobility.

204. Denain. In 1712, this French town was the scene of the victory of Villars over Eugene's forces.

263. Hyder Ally. The then reigning Sultan of Mysore. Ally Cawn, Subah of Bengal.

264. Ally Croaker. An Irish song popular at that time.

289. Belgrade. Probably Goldsmith, at one of General Oglethorpe's dinners, had heard all the details of this battle.

359. a Florentine. An indefinite kind of pudding, possibly a meat pie.

638. Ranelagh, St. James's or Tower Wharf. At Chelsea were the Ranelagh Gardens. The aristocrats frequented St. James's, and the lower classes, the rabble, could be found near the Tower.

644. Pantheon. The Oxford Street concert room.

644. Grotto Gardens, the Borough. The first was in Clerkenwell; the second in Southwark.

648. Scandalous Magazine. Charles Lamb, in his *Thoughts on Books and Reading*, delightfully clarifies the allusion: "Coming in to an inn at night, — having ordered your supper, — what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest, two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures — 'The Royal Lover and Lady G—,' 'The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau,' — and such-like antiquated scandal?"

Lamb mentions the two pictures which refer to the pranks of the Prince Regent, who was afterward George IV.

656. Ladies' Memorandum-book. A pocket-book and diary published every year.

740. Quincy. *The Complete English Dispensatory*, by John Quincy.

*Act III. — I*

138. Morrice. Dance away, be off.

152. marcasites. A mineral which, by its appearance, might be thought to contain gold or silver. See *Dictionary*.

167. King Solomon. Cf. Goldsmith's *Essay VI. Adventures of a Strolling Player*: "Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory."

292. Cherry.. This is the name of the innkeeper's daughter in Farquhar's comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, 1707.

323. The Lamb. Rooms were named, not numbered, in those days.

442. *ames-ace.* In dice the lowest throw of two aces. The player's object was to throw seven, so if he threw aces three times running he was indeed hazarding his money on the throw of seven. He would not likely nick it or throw seven again.

*Act IV.—1*

194. *Rake's Progress.* The engravings of William Hogarth. Read the beginning of Charles Lamb's essay on *The Genius and Character of Hogarth.*

242. *Dullissimo Maccaroni.* The prigs, or dandies, of the period were called "Macaroni."

312. *Whistle-jacket.* A famous race horse.

407. *Shake-bag.* Dobson quotes Halliwell, who says it is a large game-cock.

*Act V.—2*

18. *rabbit.* The word is derived from the Fr. *rebattre*, to humble.

*Epilogue*

26. *Nancy Dawson.* The name of a song. Nancy was a famous dancer of that period.

26. *Che Faro.* In Glück's opera, *Orfeo*, 1764, is "Che faro senza Euridice," a favorite aria.

28. *Heinel.* In 1773 everybody in London was running to see this famous Prussian danseuse.

31. *spadille.* The ace of spades, chief trump in ombre, the popular card game of the Queen Anne period.

35. *Bayes.* A character in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, 1672. Here the meaning is poetic, or histrionic, laurels.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF GOLDSMITH'S CHIEF WORKS

Memoirs of a Protestant (Trans.) . . . . .	1758
Present State of Polite Learning in Europe . . . . .	1759
The Bee . . . . .	1759
The Citizen of the World . . . . .	1762
Life of Richard Nash . . . . .	1762
The Traveller . . . . .	1764
Essays . . . . .	1765
The Vicar of Wakefield . . . . .	1766
Beauties of English Poesy . . . . .	1767
The Good-Natured Man . . . . .	1768
Roman History . . . . .	1769
The Deserted Village . . . . .	1770
Life of Thomas Parnell . . . . .	1770
History of England . . . . .	1771
Threnodia Augustalis . . . . .	1772
She Stoops to Conquer . . . . .	1773
Retaliation . . . . .	1774
Grecian History . . . . .	1774
History of the Earth and Animated Nature . . . . .	1774
The Haunch of Venison . . . . .	1776
The Captivity: An Oratorio . . . . .	1820
Letter to Mrs. Bunbury . . . . .	1837

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